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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES worthily celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday by reading the unanimous opinion of the United States Supreme Court that the Texas law barring Negroes from the Democratic Party primaries was unconstitutional. It was a decision in the spirit of Massachusetts in the Abolitionist days of Justice Holmes's youth, when liberty was still a living part of the American tradition. Texas cast 735,186 votes in the Democratic primary of July, 1926, but only 100,617 at the regular election; to claim that disfranchisement at the primary of the dominant party was not disfranchisement was, of course, a mere trick of rhetoric. Justice Holmes said so. The Fourteenth Amendment, his opinion recalled,

> not only gave citizenship and the privileges of citizenship to persons of color but it denied to any State the power to withhold from them the equal protection of the laws.
>
> What is this but declaring that the law in the States shall be the same for the black as for the white; that all persons, whether colored or white, shall stand equal before the laws of the States, and in regard to the colored race, for whose protection the amendment was primarily designed, that no discrimination shall be made against them by law because of their color?
>
> The statute of Texas in the teeth of the prohibitions referred to assumes to forbid Negroes to take part in an election, the importance of which we have indicated, discriminating against them by the distinction of color alone. . . . It is too clear for extended argument that color cannot be made the basis of a statutory classification affecting the right set up in this case.

That is a splendid vindication of the constitutional principles of equal rights for the two races, but it will take a still longer step to establish a practice of anything like equality in the South.

LIKE THE MAKERS OF IVORY SOAP, Alexander Kerensky calculates his percentages minutely if not quite exactly. Ninety-nine per cent of the Russian people, he said upon arriving in New York the other day, are opposed to Bolshevism. From the distance of Paris, where he makes his calculations, it is possible, of course, that the ex-Premier counted some heads twice. His prophecies are as optimistic as his figures; the Bolshevist Government, he says, is bound to collapse because the industrial machine is breaking down. Should prosperity increase, on the other hand, the Soviet regime is still more surely doomed, since "everything that restores the economic force . . . of the country destroys the power of the Bolshevist Government." Heads, they lose; tails, he wins. Such high hope, even at the expense of likelihood and logic, is doubtless necessary for a man whose life is spent in exile planning a return to power and the good old days. His reason for existence would be lost if he were forced to look into the cold face of reality. Fortunately for him he can continue to hide behind his illusions as long as he remains in America, where the Red Menace is a popular myth, where his phantom government is still solemnly believed in, and where he is welcomed by an Assistant United States District Attorney while other political refugees—the Karolyis, for example—are turned away from these shores.

DOUBTLESS THE AMERICAN MARINES who had been cooped up on shipboard in the river off Shanghai were enormously relieved when the order came to disembark and march, drums beating and flags flying, through Nanking Road and out to Jessfield Park. And doubtless the Americans who live in Shanghai under the protection of the British flag were glad to see this visible evidence that the United States stood shoulder to shoulder with Britain in defense of the foreign lives and property centering in Shanghai. Unfortunately, it meant more than that. The Americans stacked arms at the end of the march in Jessfield Park, outside the foreign Settlement boundaries; and while the foreigners who lined the streets cheered, the Chinese stood impassive and silent. To them it meant that America indorsed Britain's action in invading Chinese territory because it happened to be more convenient to do so. Washington may be ever so careful in insisting upon its diplomatic independence, but all that the Shanghai coolie knows is that American troops followed the British along the line of march. Meanwhile—and to a certain degree consequently—the Nationalist movement continues to gain.

HARRY DAUGHERTY found one juryman who felt reasonable doubt of his guilt, but the public long ago made up its mind about Mr. Harding's Attorney General. The story of his interest in splitting the Merton fee of $441,000 in bonds and cash which obtained release of $7,000,000 of German property from the Alien Property

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Custodian is only one of scores which have never been satisfactorily answered. Mr. Daugherty's action in destroying the records on a lonely Sunday in his brother's bank told the public all it needed to know. Emory Buckner, the prosecuting attorney, had a harder task to prove conspiracy. Most prosecutors would have given up after the first attempt—especially after the plain evidence that his departmental superiors were hostile to his vigorous pursuit of his sworn duty. But Mr. Buckner stuck. He fought the case through once, against enormous obstacles, and returned to fight again. There have been stories that Thomas W. Miller, the former Alien Property Custodian, who was convicted by the same jury which disagreed about Mr. Daugherty, would now "spill the beans," that he has been "double-crossed" by the Daugherty gang. We shall await his action with interest. Twice he has assured the public that he would take the stand in his own defense; twice he has cowered behind his legal right to evade examination; if he is innocent he should have seized the opportunity to make his statement in the full publicity of the courtroom and have courted Mr. Buckner's attack.

ONE ACCUSED SENATOR, Gould of Maine, was "cleared" by the subcommittee of the Senate Elections Committee just before Congress adjourned. At least, that subcommittee voted that the charges against him, which related to the bribing of a former New Brunswick Premier, be dropped. There is no doubt that $100,000 was paid to Premier Fleming in connection with a railway undertaking of which Senator Gould was the head. Mr. Gould said it was done contrary to his wishes by his associates. The subcommittee observed that the transaction was fourteen years old and had no relation to his election to the Senate of the United States in the year 1926, adding: "It affirmatively appears that the Hon. Arthur R. Gould is a man of good character." The United States Senate has thus laid down the rule that if a "good man" helps to bribe a neighboring government with the sum of $100,000 it does not affect his eligibility for office. Meanwhile we may get new sensations out of Colorado. According to the press reports startling evidence is at hand as to the corruption which led to the election of Senator-elect Waterman of Colorado. That, it is explained, is why Senator Phipps of Colorado fought so bitterly on the side of Reed of Pennsylvania and Moses of New Hampshire to block any further probing into electoral corruption by Senator James A. Reed of Missouri.

SENATOR REED OF MISSOURI and Senator Robinson of Indiana, calling each other liars and talking about garbage, were headline material in America, and a threat of Congressional fisticuffs is always good for the first page. But as sensational dramatists our Solons have to take back step when compared with the Jugoslavs. The opposition in the Belgrade Parliament recently charged the Government with maintaining a White Terror. The Government denied it; the opposition said they would prove it, and prove it they did! Into the Chamber they brought a stark naked victim of third-degree police torture, his body black and blue and bleeding from police beating. Women shrieked in the galleries; deputies yelled; the presiding officer put on his hat and departed. But the Government, it is reported, will have to resign. The method seems drastic; but it might have awakened some of our Senatorial sleepers if Senator Borah had presented to the Senate the corpses of a few of the Nicaraguans who might still be alive but for the Coolidge-Kellogg policy in their country.

"WOMEN ARE THE AGREEABLE or pleasant parentheses of life." Thus Mussolini in an interview printed in the New York *Times*, given to one of the parenthetical sex. That was the beginning of the interview; as it proceeded it gathered momentum, so to speak:

> What should women do? In what field can they shine as man's equal? In anything that is not creative. Women cannot create. In all of the arts, from the beginning of time women have done delicious small things. . . . The power behind the throne? No. Woman is not that. No great man has ever been inspired to greatness by a woman's unseen power. . . . The more virile and intelligent a man is the less need he has of a woman as an integral part of himself. Women are a charming pastime, a means of changing one's trend of thought; but they should never be taken seriously, for they themselves are rarely if ever serious. . . . What more charming, thrilling than the first kiss? What brings a more profound sigh of relief than the last? . . . Left in their proper relation to man they are all that is delicious, adorable, sensuous. . . .

This is one of the most complete statements on an interesting topic that this paper has ever had the privilege to print. It is sweeping, it is all-inclusive, it is incontrovertible—or is it? We confess that we have been rendered slightly dizzy by the Duce's confidence. Is woman a parenthesis? Or is Italy's First Man, on the other hand, a rather rash and tottering exclamation-point?

THE PERSECUTION of George R. Dale has developed into a State-wide fight in Indiana. Because of slashing attacks upon the Ku Klux Klan and corruption in local politics in his weekly newspaper in Muncie, Dale has been the victim of a bitter vendetta, in which the courts have participated by use of their despotic and unregulated powers to punish for contempt. The highest court of Indiana, as previously noted in *The Nation*, laid down the extraordinary doctrine that proof of the truth of statements made in Dale's newspaper could not be submitted as a defense against his conviction for contempt. Dale is trying to get this doctrine reviewed by the United States Supreme Court. In the meanwhile Judge Clarence W. Dearth of the Delaware County Circuit Court has attempted, apparently without a shadow of legal authority, to prevent the distribution of Dale's newspaper, while new charges have been made against the editor. Fortunately Dale's persecution has brought champions to his side. On March 2 the Indiana House of Representatives voted 93 to 1 to impeach Judge Dearth for his attempted suppression of Dale's newspaper.

HORACE LIVERIGHT'S action in acquiring the rights to "The Captive" (which its original producers agreed to withdraw from the stage in order to escape criminal prosecution) has been variously judged. To the militant advocates of "clean stage" he is of course anathema, and to many of the other managers who would like to see the play sacrificed as a sop to the reformers he appears at least impolitic. Yet to us his determination to fight the case through the courts seems precisely in line with the general tactics which have been found most effective in the fight for free speech. We have never advocated the withdrawal of a speaker for any of the unpopular causes because he happened to be the

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object of attack on the part of the American Legion or the American Defense Society. We have believed that the only way to affirm rights is to fight for them and we see no reason why this principle should not apply in the case of the theater also. From the commercial standpoint it is no doubt best for a manager to withdraw any play which comes under heavy fire, but from any other standpoint it is best for him to stand by his guns, and Mr. Liveright's fight, which is sure to cost him both money and friends, is evidence of sincere concern for a principle.

VIRTUALLY ALL the leading European authors have signed a remarkable letter of protest against the action of Samuel Roth, editor of the *Two Worlds Monthly*, in reprinting James Joyce's "Ulysses" "without authorization by Mr. Joyce, without payment to Mr. Joyce, and with alterations which seriously corrupt the text." Fuller descriptions of the letter, appearing recently in American newspapers, have contained a complete list of the signatures—we can merely note that among the 160 these are to be found: Arnold Bennett, Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, May Sinclair, H. G. Wells, André Gide, Paul Valéry, Romain Rolland, Maurice Maeterlinck, Knut Hamsun, W. B. Yeats, "A. E.," Ivan Bunin, Miguel de Unamuno, Thomas Mann, Jacob Wassermann, Benedetto Croce, Luigi Pirandello, and Giovanni Gentile. The protest is surely the most significant one of its kind since the copyright war of the last century, the issue of which seemed to guarantee to European authors a fair share of their American rights. In the present situation there is said to be no legal redress; the American literary public is simply asked "to oppose to Mr. Roth's enterprise the full power of honorable and fair opinion." We hope that this can be made to mean something.

THE LATE IRA REMSEN was president of Johns Hopkins University from 1901 to 1913. Like Harry Pratt Judson, formerly president of the University of Chicago, whose death is also recorded, Dr. Remsen succeeded to the presidency in succession to the real organizer and developer of the university he came to head. Both Daniel Coit Gilman and William Rainey Harper had extraordinary organizing ability; they canvassed the country for scholars with whom to man their great institutions of learning, and their successors had in large degree merely to carry on what had been started—not, however, easy tasks. Dr. Remsen and Dr. Judson were both scholars of the old type who continued to teach throughout their presidencies. Dr. Remsen was a great chemist with an international reputation; it is hardly too much to say that he revolutionized the teaching of chemistry in America, and his textbooks have made his name familiar to untold thousands of students. Dr. Judson's quiet and gentle personality did not suggest the go-getter college president of which we hear so much today, but his university gained by his profound scholarship.

China News

WE have commented before, and may have to comment again, on the extraordinarily bad news service connecting China with the United States. Part of the fault lies in the high cable tolls—due to the Pacific cable monopoly—which makes the cost of long messages all but prohibitive. But more of the trouble lies in the blindness of the correspondents, who often regard themselves rather as partisans of the foreign community in China than as neutral observers and interpreters. The result is that our news from China today is like the news from Russia in the early days of the Soviet Revolution—distorted by a race and class partisanship which blinds otherwise intelligent newspapermen to obvious facts. Until recently we have had the benefit of one correspondent who understood and expressed the Chinese point of view—Thomas F. Millard of the New York *Times*. Now he has been replaced, for reasons unknown to us, by Frederick Moore, late foreign councilor to the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs, whose dispatches have been poisonously hostile to the Chinese Nationalists.

In our issue of January 19 we referred to the fact that in treating the Hankow incident of January 3

> the press dispatches, almost all of British origin (the Associated Press unfortunately depends upon Reuter, a British news agency, for its Chinese news, and the United Press service is inadequate), report that the British soldiers were singularly restrained. The dispatches, however, mention a Chinese demand for apology for the brutality of the marines, while omitting to tell in what the brutality consisted.

We have just received a cablegram from the Nationalist News Agency in Hankow, throwing an extraordinary light on this comment of ours:

> On March 1, in the course of an editorial, the [American-edited] Hankow *Herald* quoted an editorial in the New York *Nation* for January 19. Referring to *The Nation's* remarks about the Associated Press report denying brutalities toward the Chinese in the Hankow incident of January 3, the Hankow *Herald* stated: "The reports which were sent to the Associated Press by its American representative were true to fact. When the Associated Press stated to its member newspapers that the British marines at Hankow did not use violence, that statement was a truthful statement and stands as it was written. There was no violence used. There were no two Chinese stabbed by bayonets."
>
> That several Chinese were stabbed, two seriously, was well known in Hankow and was printed in English-language newspapers throughout China. It was referred to several times by Eugene Chen in public announcements published all over the world.
>
> When the editor of the Hankow *Herald*, who is also the Hankow correspondent of the Associated Press, was taxed with these facts on March 1, and confronted with photographs of the wounded men and reports gathered by the local Commissioner of Foreign Affairs based on records of the Catholic Mission Hospital, he printed a retraction. In the course of his retraction he says: "It is now established beyond doubt that two Chinese were bayonetted on January 3."
>
> This retraction was printed on March 4. Two months after the Hankow affair of January 3 the Hankow correspondent of the Associated Press ascertains the facts!
>
> The *Herald* editorial is also insistent upon the independence of the Associated Press from the [British] Reuter agency in China. While it is true that the Associated Press has correspondents in China it is also true that it works in close cooperation with Reuter throughout the country. Today the chief Associated Press correspondent in China has his headquarters in the Reuter office in Shanghai, while the editor of the Hankow *Herald* is correspondent of both the Associated Press and Reuter.

When judging current events in China—the parade of American marines, the seizure of a Standard Oil launch—it is well to remember that, unfortunately, many of the correspondents are first foreigners and only secondarily newspapermen.

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The Dead Congress

THE manner of the ending of the Sixty-ninth Congress has led to much moralizing upon the historic competition between the American Legislature and the Executive, and to much abuse of the Senate because of its failure to pass three supply bills and of the filibuster which marred its last hours. Vice-President Dawes made skilful use of the latter to point a moral in favor of his proposed revision of the Senate rules, and one of the pundits of the daily press says that by his veto of the McNary-Haugen bill Mr. Coolidge "has made of himself a national and towering figure that, at least for the moment, dwarfs Congress."

Every one to his taste! To us the David Reed filibuster about which so much has been said, obnoxious as it was, is but a small price to pay for an unfettered Senate. It was that small license which is concomitant with true legislative liberty. The very fact that so little in the outburst of press criticism has had to do with the House of Representatives is significant. That body, dominated by rigid rules, continues to be subordinate to a controlling clique of the controlling party; the discussion is not whether Congress bulks larger than the President, but whether the Senate does. The day that the Dawes rules are adopted—if ever—will mark the decay of the Senate. There are changes which may well be made by the Senate —or by Congress—without fettering their freedom. Of these the most important is Senator Norris's admirable proposal for changing the sessions of Congress in order to eliminate the "lame-duck" sessions and the wait of a year before a newly elected House meets. This excellent reform, against which no criticism of any kind can lie, has three times passed the Senate and needs only to be passed by the House to go to the States for ratification. It would end a situation which places a premium upon log-rolling and time-serving, and gives the President the opportunity to influence Congress improperly by promises of office to those who have lost their seats. But when all is said and done the retention of the freedom of debate of the Senate is something for which every liberal must fight.

But the dead Congress? Well, its record is about the average, save for one thing. Thanks to Senator Reed of Missouri, it has uncovered intolerable conditions in connection with the purchase of primary elections to the Senate and, despite the efforts of Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, it may exclude others from the Senate besides Colonel Frank L. Smith of Illinois. Probably Senator-elect Vare of Pennsylvania will lose his seat—and perhaps one more beneficiary of corruption. The sweeping decision of the Supreme Court in the Doheny case, the conviction of the former Alien Property Custodian, Thomas W. Miller—these are due directly to the inquiries into crime committed by high officials which were instituted by the Senate, whose function as a watch-dog over the executive departments grows increasingly important with the lapse of years. As for the rest, Congress passed the McFadden bill indefinitely extending the life of the Federal Reserve System and permitting National Bank branches in cities of more than 25,000 where no State laws conflict; the Radio Commission bill; the Prohibition Reorganization bill; the McNary-Haugen bill; the bill prohibiting the mailing of fire-arms except to authorized manufacturers and dealers; and an appropriation of $10,000,000 to exterminate that unwelcome immigrant, the European corn-borer. In addition, Congress accepted the Cape Cod Canal steal—fortunately nullified for the present by the failure of the Second Deficiency bill; authorized three more cruisers and increased the gun-range of certain battleships; wisely increased the salaries of federal judges and extended the Maternity Act for two years; and blundered by passing the Milk Importation bill intended to exclude imports of Canadian milk and cream. The Postal Rates Readjustment bill, the Borah resolution for an investigation of the Nicaraguan-Mexico situation, the French debt agreement, the Boulder Dam bill, the Muscle Shoals bill, the Alien Property bill—these and many others failed of passage.

Throughout its life the Sixty-ninth Congress deliberately defeated the President's wishes at innumerable points. Not in many years has a Congress controlled by a President's party been so contemptuous of the Executive's recommendations. It overruled him in the matter of the cruisers; it denied him the railroad-consolidation legislation for which Wall Street pines, and the transfer of the Philippines from military to civilian control. It again rejected several of his nominations; it utterly ignored his official request for an income-tax refund or rebate and his appeal for reorganization of the farm-credit agencies of the government; it did nothing for the extension of our water resources; it did not give him the single head of our merchant fleet for which he asked; it refused his request to put the Radio Commission under Secretary Hoover; and it ignored his demands for power to deal with the threatened bituminous coal industry.

Of all the recommendations in his message of December 7, last, it acted favorably upon only one and part of another. Most of these recommendations were repeated from the Presidential Message of December 8, 1925; in that session Congress paid no attention whatever to the occupant of the White House. Yet this is the man heralded as a "national and towering figure," as a great and constructive leader, as worthy to rank with Roosevelt and Lincoln and Washington! Other Presidents have quarreled with Congress—to their and the country's advantage. This President is simply ignored.

So now he has Congress "off his hands," as the phrase runs, and all those about him rejoice because he is now free to devote himself to that "vigorous foreign policy" so long scheduled. If he does, those Americans who believe that this government should do unto others as it would be done by will, we fear, have reason to regret that Congress is not in session. Fortunately, the United States Supreme Court having ruled that the Senate is a continuing body, its committees can function during the recess. Especially is it a happy circumstance that William E. Borah remains the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, whether the Senate sits or adjourns. Equally encouraging is the fact that in the next Congress the President will not control the Senate; it may even be organized by the Democrats. It is extremely questionable whether he will "tower" quite as high next winter, but it is certain that Mr. Coolidge will hardly get less from a hostile Congress than he has obtained from one in which his party had large working majorities.

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The Cash Value of a Genius

AT bottom the question simmered down to the cash value of Henry Ford in 1913. Behind all the muddling mixture of politics and statistics that was the question at issue in Washington. And it was a question for which no slide rule or logarithmic tables existed. Henry Ford stands outside the calculations of the business-school experts; he is a genius, and geniuses defy rules.

Of course the court was not asked to settle the question in those terms, nor was it a yearning for information as to Henry Ford's 1913 value which led Mr. Mellon's young men to open the recent proceedings. The case had its origin in politics—Senator Couzens of Michigan was attacking Mr. Mellon's policies and demanding an investigation of his department, and Mr. Mellon saw an opportunity to get back at Senator Couzens's pocketbook by questioning the income-tax payments on the profits made by selling, in 1919, the minority stock in the Ford company.

When property is sold for more than was paid for it the profit is of course taxable income. Now, the income-tax law took effect in 1913, and only income received since that date is subject to the income tax. When property bought previous to that date is sold it is necessary to calculate its probable value as of 1913, in order to compute the tax on the subsequent profit. This was the case with the Ford minority stock, which Senator Couzens and others sold in 1919. If any Ford stock had been sold in 1913, the Government would simply have accepted the market rate as the 1913 value. But Ford stock was closely held; none was sold in or about 1913; the value had to be calculated by taking into consideration the general state and prospects of the business. The earnings of the Ford Motor Car Company at that time had been doubling each year for several years, and the annual return on the invested capital was very high. No other automobile company in the country was like it. There were no competitors whose values could significantly be compared with its. Today, looking back upon the fabulous development of the Ford company, we may compute a certain valuation. But our present computation, based upon the subsequent record, might not have been fair in 1913. Henry Ford was the firm's greatest asset; but suppose he had died in 1914, what then? It is not easy to reckon the cash value of an industrial genius.

If the 1913 value previously ascribed to the Ford stock was too high, as the Treasury has been contending, Senator Couzens owes the Government taxes on the extra post-1913 profits which would result from such a reckoning, for the lower the 1913 value the greater the subsequent—and taxable—profit. In this case Senator Couzens suffers a double injustice. Secretary Mellon has reopened the case after a lapse of six years, which is bad enough; furthermore, the 1913 value which was computed in 1919 was set not by Senator Couzens but by Treasury officials! The income taxes on large incomes were then at their highest, and Senator Couzens, knowing that he would have to return more than half his profits to the Treasury, naturally wanted to know on what he would be taxed before he consummated the sale. Indeed, he and his fellow minority stockholders might not have sold the stock at all (thus depriving the Government of any tax whatever) had the Treasury Department not fixed a valuation—the very valuation which the Treasury Department is now attacking! These are considerations of honor and decency with which the court is not at present concerned. It has before it a technical problem—to determine the cash value of Henry Ford, in 1913 regarded as a rather flighty though successful industrial genius, to his firm. To the lay public, however, the case has another significance. Mr. Mellon, by using his control of the Treasury Department to persecute a personal enemy, has degraded the Government and weakened public confidence in the administration of the income-tax system—a serious matter, which may in time react upon his own friends and business associates.

British Trade Unions and the Law

THE general strike of 1926 focused British attention on the legal immunity of trade unions, and the Tory Government has in hand a project to harness them. The sudden strike, the Conservatives say, resulted in very considerable financial loss to many employers who had no direct connection with the dispute in the coal-mining industry. Fifty years ago such action would have been a malicious conspiracy for the restraint of trade on the part of the trade unions concerned, and as such the unions would have been liable for damages to the extent of the injury caused. But various acts toward the end of the last century limited that liability, and after the Taff-Vale judgment in 1902 came legislation which gave the unions their present privileged position.

The Taff-Vale Railway was a small concern in South Wales of whose existence the majority of Englishmen were totally unaware. It was, however, rescued from obscurity by a strike of its employees; the company instituted proceedings against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, and after much litigation obtained damages against the union for losses in traffic receipts caused by the strike. The decision caused consternation in the trade-union world; it had been believed that unions were by statute exempt from such liability, which imperiled the funds of any striking union.

It was this threat to the trade unions which made obvious the necessity of working-class representation in Parliament to press the claims of the unions and to initiate legislation to guarantee their security. The trade unions then decided to rely no longer on either the Liberal or the Conservative Party, neither of which could fully appreciate the gravity of the threat; instead they organized the separate Labor Party, which has now supplanted the Liberals as the second British party.

The unions succeeded almost beyond their hopes when the Trades Disputes Act was passed in 1906. Therein it was declared: "An action against a trade union . . . in respect of any tortions act . . . shall not be entertained in any court"; for the future the unions were not to be held liable for loss of revenue caused by a strike. Another section of the act exempted officials of the unions from prosecution for persuading their members to strike, an act which under the common law was a conspiracy directed toward a restraint of trade, and therefore illegal. Moreover, peaceful picketing was legalized, provided it did not extend to physical force. A clause was inserted, however, that these acts were permissible only if they were "in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute." It was in reliance on these words that the Government asserted last year that the pro-

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tection of the Trades Disputes Act did not apply to the unions, other than the Miners' Federation, which participated in the general strike; the Tories held that only the miners were engaged in a trade dispute, and the other unions had a different object. Legal opinion, however, did not generally support this theory, holding instead that the general strike was "in furtherance of the trade dispute" which affected the miners. At any rate, no prosecutions under the act were brought before the courts, and no final opinion has been handed down.

The Osborne Judgment of 1911 was another surprise to the trade unions: it held it illegal for a union to apply its funds to a political object. The effect would have been to prohibit them from taking part in political campaigns by financing candidates for municipal and parliamentary elections; but the Trade Union Act of 1913 remedied this situation, allowing the creation in each union of a special political fund, raised by a levy on all members who did not specifically contract out by arrangement with the secretary of the union. The result of this legislation was to exempt the trade unions from the ordinary application of the common law by legalizing what in another organization would be considered an illegal and malicious conspiracy. The trade unions in England thus occupy a privileged position, and probably this is necessary for their continued existence, but it naturally aroused misgivings among those who regard trade unionism as a dangerous growth.

The first attempt to withdraw the privileges came two years ago, when a Conservative Member of Parliament introduced a private bill to amend the Trade Union Act of 1913, in such a way that instead of containing provisions for "contracting out," the political levy should only be raised from those who "contracted in." The intent was to rely on the inertia of the masses and so to hamper the Labor Party which derives its funds from the individual unions. Mr. Baldwin, who had just become Prime Minister for the second time, while not opposing the bill, said the time was not ripe for its consideration.

A more determined move, however, is now about to be made. A Conservative party congress has asked that the Government revise the laws relating to trade unions, and the Attorney General has announced that legislation to that end will be introduced. It is as yet uncertain what the form of that legislation will be; but many Conservatives look for provisions for a secret ballot of all members of a union proposing to call a strike; for the prohibition of strikes in public services (transport, water, electricity, etc.) and of "sympathetic" strikes—in other words, of a general strike; for the reduction of the right of peaceful picketing; and for some means of recovering damages from a trade union for loss of trade caused by a strike.

The mere prospect of this legislation has aroused a storm of protest from the labor movement. The Taff-Vale and Osborne judgments put new life into the trade unions and into the political labor movement, and the present threat to limit their power may call forth even greater strength. The existing law may be anomalous, but it seems to fit into the current of public opinion—which shifts as conditions change. The unions have not signally abused their privileges, and the Government has produced no substitute for the strike as a remedy for bad labor conditions. The attempt to weaken the unions is likely to help the Labor Party to win the next election, and end in strengthening the unions it seeks to undermine.

Homage to Isaac Watts

IT is no longer possible, or even desirable, to say of Isaac Watts what a pious commentator said in the nineteenth century: "His logical and other treatises have served to brace the intellects, methodize the studies, and concentrate the activities of thousands—we had nearly said millions—of minds." Who now reads "Discourses on the Love of God and Its Influence on All the Passions," or "Essays Toward a Proof of a Separate State for Souls," or "Useful and Important Questions Concerning Jesus, the Son of God"? Probably nobody. But "Mother Watts," as one of his eighteenth-century detractors called him, is nevertheless immortal, and the same pious commentator whom we have quoted knew the reason—though his is not the language we should use today. "To create a little heaven in the nursery by hymns, and those not mawkish or twaddling, but beautifully natural and exquisitely simple breathings of piety and praise, was the high task to which Watts consecrated, and by which he has immortalized, his genius." Watts may be mawkish and twaddling; but his poetry will not die; it is too well written. It has an uncanny felicity, for it is the product of an ingenious and poetically sophisticated mind.

In the new "Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse" David Nichol Smith resuscitates the author of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," "The Psalms of David Imitated," and "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." Now Watts, in spite of the fact that he has appeared in anthologies before, and gloriously resounds every Sunday in one church or another, has generally been held in contempt for his poetry judged as such. But Professor Smith, having plenty of space in which to display him, has displayed a genuine poet—one who has given deathless lines to the English tongue. It matters not that one repeats these lines without seriousness. They are there, they are inescapable, they are part of the language we live. Bernard Shaw, refereeing a debate the other day between Lady Rhondda and G. K. Chesterton on the subject of the leisured woman, simply could not avoid reminding his radio audience that

> Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do.

Lewis Carroll was, of course, a genuine poet, yet we might not have known it if he had not known Watts. The two are very near allied, and it matters little that the later man knew he was writing divine nonsense while the earlier man did not.

> How doth the little crocodile
> Improve his shining tail

is no better than

> How doth the little busy Bee
> Improve each shining Hour

for being a burlesque of it.

> 'Tis the voice of the Lobster: I heard him declare
> "You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair."
> As a duck with his eyelids, so he with his nose
> Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes

is not a bit more beautiful than

> 'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard; I heard him complain,
> "You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
> As the Door on its Hinges, so he on his Bed
> Turns his Sides and his Shoulders and his heavy Head.

We seriously propose a toast to Watts as a poet. But not as a serious poet.

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The Haze in Haiti

By RAYFORD W. LOGAN

[*This article was submitted before publication to Major General John A. Lejeune, Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, and to Major General John A. Russell, United States High Commissioner to Haiti. General Lejeune said that "the allegations of the author of this article appear in general to be captious, ambiguous, and unfounded in large part, although I am not in a position to comment in detail." General Russell remarked that "The purpose of this article is obviously to discredit the United States Government and the article is, on its face, so childishly foolish that an intelligent reader could hardly fail to be amused and would wonder at the underlying motive for its publication." Neither General Russell nor General Lejeune made any effort to refute any statement in this article.*—Editor The Nation.]

DURING the seven years that followed Admiral Caperton's seizure of Port au Prince the United States had no clearly defined policy in Haiti. In 1922, however, Dr. Carl Kelsey of the University of Pennsylvania, after a nine months' tour of the former "Black Republic," suggested that the best interests of the island and the prestige of the United States required the renewed declaration that we "try to put the country in a position which would make possible an orderly future development." Since then the Occupation has been digging in deeper every day by the simple process of absorbing the Haitian administrative departments.

Nothing illustrates better this assumption of the operation of the most vital Haitian institutions than the American Service Technique du Département de l'Agriculture et de l'Enseignement Professionnel. For seven years the American Occupation had been telling the world how backward Haiti was in agricultural production. For seven years the Occupation had left Haiti as backward as ever. And for seven years the Financial Adviser had not been able to find money to enable the Haitian administration to increase production or educate farmers. He had even refused the paltry sum of $80 a month to conduct a training section annexed to the primary schools in accordance with the law of July 30, 1919. As soon, however, as the organization and administration of agricultural schools passed under American control the necessary funds miraculously found their way into the Haitian budget. The Financial Adviser allowed the Haitian Service de l'Agriculture $13,114.39 in 1922-1923. He cautiously granted the newly organized Service Technique $17,500 in 1923-1924. The following year he lavished $216,000 and last year $365,600 of Haitian money on this department.

Dr. George F. Freeman of Alabama assumed the responsibility of spending the money, and Mr. Carl Colvin that of supervising the schools. Experts descended upon the island to improve the land and the stock and the people. The plan was admirable; its operation ridiculous. Courses given in English and translated into French are too wasteful even for a people that has no idea of the value of time. The imported pigs and cows refused to mingle with the native stock. But more serious than any general manifestation of inefficiency has been the gross unfairness in the matter of salaries. The recent complacent report of the Financial Adviser boasts of paying only 13 per cent of total salaries to Haitians. It fails to reveal, of course, the injustice of paying a Haitian girl only $35 a month and an American girl doing the same work in the same office $150 a month. Nor does it disclose the unfortunate effect of paying Haitians working for the Occupation more than those working for the Haitian Government.

Neither does the last Bulletin of the Service Technique, in spite of its 145 pages reading like a Florida boosters' prospectus, justify the vast slice made in the budget. There were only 1,316 students in the ten farm schools, three converted technical schools, and the new Central School of Agriculture. The students are, moreover, dissatisfied with the results. Many are attracted principally by the scholarships offered; there is little hope of increased enrolment; the attendance is poor. The veterinarians have not been able to win sufficient confidence from the natives to induce them to bring their animals to the clinics in large numbers. The pedigreed American stock is degenerating more rapidly than it is improving the native stock. Some say that the experts are learning tropical culture from their students.

But it is a comparison between the Service Technique and Public School Department which shows how extravagant the Americans are in spending Haitian money and how economical they are in allowing the Haitians to spend their own money. Haitian teachers working under Americans are generally paid at least $30 a month. The American "expert" teachers accept $300, $400, and $500 a month. Teachers in the primary schools, which are still under Haitian control, receive an average of $7 a month—one-third of the scholarship offered to entice Haitians into the American-controlled technical schools. When they asked for an increase Dr. Cumberland, the Financial Adviser, answered, "I am opposed." Then without consulting the Haitians he endowed them with the Central School of Agriculture. When money was asked to reopen the secondary school in St. Marc he replied, "I am astonished. . . . " When a Minister of Public Education asked for $3,075 a month to establish a men's normal school—even today there is no such building in Haiti—he retorted, "I am surprised. . . . " More recently, when another Minister of Public Education requested a small sum for a boarding department to permit girls living outside the capital to attend the one girls' normal school in Haiti, the answer was, "I am grieved. . . . " But the Financial Adviser was delighted to donate $40,000 of Haitian money to erect an American radio station in Port au Prince.

The most conservative American estimate declares that there are two million illiterate Haitians. In order to wipe out this condition Dr. Cumberland permits the one girls' normal school to continue with its thirty-nine students, and last year finally allowed a normal course for boys to be opened in one of the subsidized Catholic schools. In all he squanders $19,750 a month for primary education and $4,934 for secondary education in academic schools with an enrolment of more than 60,000 students. Even Georgia would be ashamed of such a farce.

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Conclusive evidence of this policy of encroachment and blundering appears in the history of the Medical School. Under Haitian supervision professors got $30 a month. The building became so dilapidated that professors and students had to use umbrellas while in class. Unable to resist the temptation of a much higher budget, the Haitians finally permitted this school to be supervised by an American *sanitary engineer*. Immediately $60,000 appeared for a new building, an increase from $80 to $250 for the Haitian director and a corresponding increase for the professors. All of this in order to graduate doctors who will not be permitted to hold clinics in the Americanized Haitian General Hospital. In the meanwhile the Law School, which is still under Haitian administration, remains in its old building, the professors continue to struggle along on their $30 a month and enjoy their moot court without American interference.

The present policy is using starvation as a threat and money as a bait in order to force all Haitian departments under American control. When the Haitian law professors are sufficiently hungry, they too will put their school under an "expert." When the public-school teachers are tired of appearing in rags before their scholars, they may permit public-school education to be supervised by a Mississippi county superintendent. In like manner, the Departments of Commerce, Interior, Justice, and Religion are doomed to absorption by the American Occupation.

Any "orderly future development" of the country undeniably depends in great measure upon the means of communication. No past development has received such laudatory press comments as the American-built roads. No present aspect of the situation causes more deception to the visitor, or holds out less hope for future improvement. Instead of the magnificent macadamized roads which one must inevitably expect after reading any report, one finds dirt roads covered with broken, unrolled stones which the first rain washes away. Streams have to be forded in hundreds of places. The roads are constantly being repaired. Mail is often delayed by impassable roads. The rapid depreciation of automobiles makes traveling unusually expensive. Means of communication with the interior are practically non-existent. The railroad from Port au Prince to St. Marc is a joke, the street car used within the capital a curiosity.

In the midst of such blundering it is refreshing to observe the splendid work of the Marine Medical Corps. Many doctors in remote country districts are unselfishly devoting themselves to improving sanitary conditions and to eradicating yaws, a disease closely akin to syphilis, if it is not really syphilis. Nothing but praise is due these men who are showing what can be accomplished by really efficient officials, imbued with a sympathetic spirit.

If the operation of the administrative departments is resulting in confusion, the social and economic life is degenerating into chaos. Misery stalks throughout Haiti; starvation is threatening the masses; the "elite" is in many instances living beyond its means. The most tangible evidence of this misery is the continued and increased emigration to Cuba. Over two hundred thousand Haitians have definitely deserted the coffee fields for the sugar plantations across the water. Agents still round up laborers as in the halcyon days of European emigration, pay the emigrant tax of $9.85, and ship them to Santiago. In the region of Les Cayes women are doing road work for the American Travaux Publics. A plantation that formerly produced seventy-eight sacks of coffee now produces only eight. Since the vast majority of emigrants are men, the question of marriage is rapidly becoming an almost impossible problem. One distinguished diplomat, a man of moderate expression, declared that "It is really a slave trade that the American Occupation winks at and even encourages." For 5 per cent of this emigrant tax, just as of any other tax, fattens the expense account of the office of the Financial Adviser. No phase of the Haitian situation demands investigation more than this emigration scandal. One wonders how this "orderly future development" will be possible when almost 10 per cent of the total population has already been forced to seek a doleful existence in a foreign country.

A stupendous increase in the cost of living menaces those who remain. On the surface there is apparent wealth. But automobiles, traffic cops, one-way streets, and parking signs will not pay the mortgages which have permitted many Haitians to buy their cars. An augmentation of 19 per cent in the salaries of government employees is not sufficient to meet a doubling in the cost of living. Then what about the ordinary laborer who has not had this petty increase?

His situation is described by M. Dantes Bellegarde, an authority on social questions, in the July-August Bulletin of the Haitian Chamber of Commerce.

The best paid laborer earns thirty cents a day, or in a year with 294 working days, allowing three weeks without employment		$88.20
Food, alcohol, and tobacco, at $0.20 a day	$72.00	
Rent, $1 a month	12.00	
Clothing for the year	2.00	86.00
Bank account at the end of the year		$2.20

His food is at best a little codfish or rice and red beans. Meat at twenty-five cents a pound is obviously as rare as in a vegetarian's diet. It is a not uncommon sight to see a worker satisfy himself for his noonday meal by sucking some sugar cane or drinking a little rum.

In the sordid shack which he rents on the water's edge "there is no ventilation, no sunlight; the most revolting promiscuity assembles every night in one room men, women, and children, the sick and the well. When a contagious disease breaks out in these miserable agglomerations, it develops rapidly and soon spreads to the rich sections." His clothing is frequently a flour sack. It is easy to imagine the condition of the food and raiment of the $7-a-month teacher. It is not surprising that tuberculosis increases.

Disregarding this situation, the Financial Adviser forced through a new tariff law which has resulted in still higher prices. Foodstuffs particularly are more expensive. Codfish, one of the principal elements of the poor people's diet, is now taxed six cents a kilogram. The most unfortunate augmentation, however, falls upon flour. Haiti produces no wheat, but consumes an amazing quantity of bread. In 1923-1924 Haiti imported 41,329,095 kilograms of wheat. Yet the Financial Adviser raised the duty from $.028 to $.040 a kilogram. The tariff on butter, of which 290,361 kilograms were imported in 1924, has gone up 57 per cent, pure lard and cottoline 83 per cent. As a result, the factory of Saint André, profiting by the driving out of its competitors, has already increased the price of this product. Salt fish suffered an increase of about 25 per cent, ham 54 per cent, smoked fish almost 100 per cent, and salt meat 341 per cent.

But the most incredible innovation is this Haitian

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tariff strikes from the free list agricultural implements and schoolbooks. Neither are produced in Haiti. No comments could possibly make more evident the present muddle and mess. The new tariff protects industries that do not exist and cannot be developed. It increases the revenue, although one of the proudest boasts of the Financial Adviser is the fact that the interest on the American loan lies snugly—and idly—in the National City Bank six months before it is due. His whole aim is to be able to report, as he recently did, that the revenue for the last three months was so many million gourdes higher than for the corresponding period last year. The next report should show an even greater increase. But it will not show how many more Haitians are enjoying meatless and fishless days, how many children are not in school, or how many more farms have been abandoned.

Judged from the present situation then, the "orderly future development" of the island means absorbing Haitian administrative departments, lavishly spending money on American experts of dubious value, dividing Haitians into those working for the Occupation and those working for the Haitian Government, driving out the population, impeding academic education and agricultural development, raising the cost of living, lessening American prestige, and increasing Haitian hostility. The British mess in Mesopotamia is paralleled by the American haze in Haiti.

These Modern Women

Mother-Worship

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the tenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for March 30.*]

THE story of my background is the story of my mother. She was a Middle-Western girl, youngest, cleverest, and prettiest of six daughters—children of an Irish gunsmith and a "Pennsylvania Dutch" woman of good family and splendid character. The gunsmith was a master of his trade but a heavy drinker, always ugly and often dangerous. My mother got away from home as soon as she could. After a year in a nearby coeducational college she taught school for a while and then married. The man she chose (for she was the sort of girl who has many chances) was a penniless but handsome and idealistic Yankee divinity student whom she met during that one college year. When he had secured his first parish, they were married.

For about eight years, during which there were four different parishes and four children were born, my mother was a popular, active, and helpful minister's wife. Then my father, who had always struggled against ill-health, suffered a complete nervous breakdown. He was forced to give up his church and his chosen profession. My mother had to support the family.

She began by teaching English literature in a girls' school. Before long she was giving Sunday-evening talks at the school. Then she began to fill outside engagements and finally she became a sort of supply-preacher to nearby country churches. About the year 1890, though she had had no theological education, she was ordained as a Congregational minister and called to be the pastor of a fairly large church in a well-to-do farming community. After three or four successful years, she and my father (who by this time had lost a good bit of money trying to be a farmer and a grocer but had begun to regain his health) were called as associate pastors to a big liberal church in a city of 40,000. It was my mother's reputation as a preacher that brought them this opportunity and she proved equal to the larger field. In time my father's health improved so that he could carry his share of the work, but my mother was always the celebrated member of the family.

I have a vivid memory of my mother when I was six years old. We are standing, my brother and I, in front of a run-down farmhouse on the edge of the town which had become our home. We have just said goodby to our mother and now we are watching her trip off down the hill to the school where she goes every day to teach. She turns to smile at us—such a beaming smile, such a bright face, such a pretty young mother. When the charming, much-loved figure begins to grow small in the distance, my brother, who is younger and more temperamental than I, begins to cry. He screams as loud as he can, until he is red in the face. But he cannot make her come back. And I, knowing she will be worried if she hears him, try to drag him away. By the time I was ten my mother had become a preacher.

Life was never ordinary where my mother was. She was always trying something new. She had an eager, active mind, and tremendous energy. She was preeminently an initiator. From the time I was thirteen we spent our summers like most middle-class, small-town American families, in a cottage beside a lake. And our life there, I suppose, would have been much like the life in thousands of other such summer communities, except for the presence of my mother. For one thing, she organized a system of cooperative housekeeping with three other families on the hillside, and it lasted for years. A cook was hired jointly, but the burden of keeping house, planning meals, buying meat and groceries from the carts that came along three times a week, getting vegetables and fruit from the garden, collecting the money, keeping track of guests, and paying the bills, shifted every week. At first it was only the mothers who took their turn at housekeeping. But as the children grew older they were included in the scheme, boys as well as girls. Toward the end we had all the fun of eating in a big jolly group and only one or two weeks of housekeeping responsibility during the whole summer.

We used to have Sunday night music and singing for the whole hillside at our cottage, with the grown-ups in the big room, and the children lying outside on the porch couches or off on the grass. We had "church" Sunday mornings, too, in our big room; after all we were the minister's family. But it was a very short informal "church" followed

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by a long swim, and any one who wanted to could preach. We took turns at preaching as well as at keeping house, and we could choose the subjects of our own sermons.

Then one summer my mother started "symposiums." Once a week the mothers and older children and any fathers who happened to be around would gather on somebody's porch, listen to a paper, and then discuss it. I read a paper on "Woman" when I was fifteen, and I believe I was as wise in feminism then as I am now, if a little more solemn.

"The trouble with women," I said, "is that they have no impersonal interests. They must have work of their own, first because no one who has to depend on another person for his living is really grown up; and, second, because the only way to be happy is to have an absorbing interest in life which is not bound up with any particular person. Children can die or grow up, husbands can leave you. No woman who allows husband and children to absorb her whole time and interest is safe against disaster."

The proudest and happiest moment of my college days was when I met my mother in New York, as I did once a year, and went with her to a big banquet in connection with some ministers' convention she had come down to attend. She always spoke at the banquet, and she was always the best speaker. She was gay, sparkling, humorous, intimate, adorable. I would sit and love her with all my heart, and I could feel all the ministers loving her and rejoicing in her.

Almost always it is painful to sit in the audience while a near relative preaches, prays, or makes a speech. Husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and children of the performers ought to be exempt from attending such public functions. My brothers and I always suffered when father preached, although, as preachers go, he was pretty good. At any rate he was beautiful to look at and had a large following of enthusiastic admirers. But when my mother preached we hated to miss it. There was never a moment of anxiety or concern; she had that secret of perfect platform ease which takes all strain out of the audience. Her voice was music; she spoke simply, without effort, almost without gestures, standing very still. And what she said seemed to come straight from her heart to yours. Her sermons grew out of her own moral and spiritual struggles. For she had a stormy, troubled soul, capable of black cruelty and then again of the deepest generosities. She was humble, honest, striving, always beginning again to try to be good.

With all her other interests she was thoroughly domestic. We children loved her cooking as much as we loved her preaching. And she was all kinds of devoted mother, the kind that tucks you in at night and reads you a story, and the kind that drags you to the dentist to have your teeth straightened. But I must leave her now and try to fill out the picture. My father, too, played a large part in my life. He was a generous man, the kind of man that was a suffragist from the day he first heard of a woman who wanted to vote. One evening, after mother had been teaching for some time and had begun to know her power as a public speaker, she came to him as he lay on his invalid's couch.

"John," she said, "I believe I could preach!"

"Mary!" he cried, jumping up in his excitement, "I *know* you could!"

This was in those early days when he had given up his own career as a minister, when he had cheerfully turned small farmer and had begun, on days when he was well enough, to peddle eggs and butter at the back doors of his former parishioners. From the moment he knew that my mother wanted to preach, he helped and encouraged her. Without his coaching and without his local prestige, it is doubtful if she could have been ordained. And my father stood by me in the same way, from the time when I wanted to cut off my hair and go barefoot to the time when I began to study law. When I insisted that the boys must make their beds if I had to make mine, he stood by me. When I said that if there was dishwashing to be done they should take their turn, he stood by me. And when I declared that there was no such thing in our family as boys' work and girls' work, and that I must be allowed to do my share of wood-chopping and outdoor chores, he took me seriously and let me try.

Once when I was twelve and very tall, a deputation of ladies from her church called on my mother and gently suggested that my skirts ought to be longer. My mother, who was not without consciousness of the neighbors' opinions, thought she must do something. But my father said, "No, let her wear them short. She likes to run, and she can't run so well in long skirts."

A few years later it was a question of bathing suits. In our summer community I was a ringleader in the rebellion against skirts and stockings for swimming. On one hot Sunday morning the other fathers waited on my father and asked him to use his influence with me. I don't know what he said to them but he never said a word to me. He was, I know, startled and embarrassed to see his only daughter in a man's bathing suit with bare brown legs for all the world to see. I think it shocked him to his dying day. But he himself had been a swimmer; he knew he would not want to swim in a skirt and stockings. Why then should I?

Beyond the immediate circle of my family there were other influences at work. My mother, among her other charms, had a genius for friendship. There were always clever, interesting, amusing women coming in and out of our house. I never thought of women as dull folk who sat and listened while the men talked. The little city where we lived was perhaps unusual. It was the home of six or seven distinguished persons, and not all of them were men.

In this environment I grew up confidently expecting to have a profession and earn my own living, and also confidently expecting to be married and have children. It was fifty-fifty with me. I was just as passionately determined to have children as I was to have a career. And my mother was the triumphant answer to all doubts as to the success of this double role. From my earliest memory she had more than half supported the family and yet she was supremely a mother.

I have lived my life according to the plan. I have had the "career" and the children and, except for an occasional hiatus due to illness or some other circumstance over which I had no control, I have earned my own living. I have even made a certain name for myself. If I have not fulfilled the promise of my youth, either as a homemaker or as a professional woman, I have never wavered in my feminist faith. My mother has always been a beacon to me, and if today I sometimes feel a sense of failure it may be partly because I have always lived in the glow of her example. In their early struggle for survival against narrow-minded and prejudiced parents some of my contemporaries seem to have won more of the iron needed in the struggle of life than I got from my almost perfect parents.

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Toward Lower Electric Rates

By MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

THE question of getting light and power cheaply, of securing for the public the greatest possible advantage from the technological improvements in power engineering, has certain immediate possibilities. Many of the power and light companies are making profits large enough to warrant a considerable reduction in rates. Some are reducing voluntarily: the recent half-cent cut of the Brooklyn Edison is said to mean a $1,500,000 yearly saving to Brooklyn consumers. Sometimes these voluntary reductions are made to forestall a rate case and are far less than the limit of possible reduction. In Baltimore, for example, the local company, the Consolidated Gas and Electric, reduced rates $875,000 in 1925. The gracious gesture of the company did not mislead either the citizens or the industrial consumers into believing that they were obtaining all that was their due, and the Public Service Commission instead of gratefully approving this reduction initiated a thorough investigation resulting in a recent order for a further reduction of $1,000,000 a year in rates.

This growing and increasingly concentrated industry with its greatly improved technical efficiency is forcing two questions upon the people of this country. The first is, How can we protect our future from the complete dominance of a power alliance?

Senator Norris considers the Muscle Shoals project from this angle. He wants to keep it as a yardstick by which the rates of the privately owned power companies can be measured. Governor Smith in New York State, backed by the Public Committee on Power, is determined not to let the St. Lawrence power be alienated from the State for fifty years or longer. In Pennsylvania Governor Pinchot's Giant Power Survey mapped out plans for the protection of the interests of the small consumers in the future development of the industry. Other States are still trusting to regulation and to the efficacy of municipally owned plants in exerting a wholesome influence toward lower rates in the surrounding communities.

The second question which the power industry is forcing upon the public is more immediate: How can we secure today and tomorrow the low rates to which we may have a just claim? The figures collected by the *Electrical World* in its January 1, 1927, issue offer a basis for a few deductions about the rate-reduction policy of the power industry. We see that in 1926 it was selling its energy at a price per kwh about 6/10 of 1 per cent lower than four years ago, whereas in that time the operating expense per kwh has decreased 4.25 per cent and the average interest paid on new loans is more than 10 per cent less than in 1924.

The power, as distinct from the lighting, consumers received their energy at an average price of 1.47 cents in 1923 and of 1.29 cents in 1926, a reduction of over 12 per cent. The lighting consumers, on the other hand, paid an average of 7.1 cents per kwh in 1923 and in 1926 paid 7.36 cents, an increase of 3.7 per cent in those four years. Not only has the large difference between lighting and power rates been retained, it has been increased. If the average revenues from lighting customers had been kept the same per kwh as they were in 1923 it would have meant a saving of approximately $38,000,000 to the lighting consumers of the country in 1926. If the lighting rates had been reduced from 1923 to 1926 as much proportionately as the power rates were reduced in that time, a matter of over 12 per cent, it would have meant a saving to the lighting consumers of over $120,000,000 in 1926.

A few years of such a policy of giving all the benefits of the technical advance of the industry to the large consumers of power instead of to the small lighting consumers will cost the latter a pretty sum. Most of the State regulatory bodies concern themselves only with seeing that the power companies do not exceed a fair return on their "capital" and leave untouched the question of the amount of return gathered respectively from the small consumers and the large. The large power consumers can always threaten to build their own plants and furnish their own power, and so obtain comparatively low rates. The small consumers of electric lighting current are in no position to make such a threat. The electrical industry has been curiously inept in its attack on the domestic problem. While the number of domestic consumers has been vastly increased, the average quantity of electricity used per consumer has almost stood still. The Pennsylvania average is still only thirty kwh a month. The lowering of rates invariably brings increased use; in fact, low rates are the only route to any comprehensive scheme of domestic electrification.

Instead of leaving the matter of domestic rates to the public service commissions, which act on their own initiative much more rarely than was anticipated by the public when commission regulation was first brought about, interested groups might well consider the possibility of challenging directly the present city domestic lighting rates of the companies. The Baltimore case, mentioned above, where a reduction of $1,000,000 was forced after the company had made a voluntary reduction of $875,000, is interesting in this connection. The Consolidated Gas and Electric had an annual surplus of $3,000,000 in 1923, $2,000,000 in 1924, and $3,000,000 in 1925. The State of Maryland has a "People's Counsel" whose function it is to take care of the public in cases of this kind, and Mr. Clarence W. Miles, then counsel, started the investigation. The small consumers were supported by the powerful Industrial Consumers Association, which was trying to bring new industries to Baltimore and wanted cheap power as an inducement. Members of this group were particularly annoyed by the fact that the "coal clause" in their contracts (giving the power company the right to raise rates when the cost of coal exceeded a certain figure) had resulted in the company's collecting $4,935,668, while the *whole* cost of all the coal used to generate power had amounted to only $4,869,243. Another factor to which they objected was what is known as a "ratchet" clause in the contracts under which, in case the demand went up for even a short time, the consumer had to pay for that demand to the end of his contract.

The principal electrical expert was Major Clayton W. Pike, a prominent consulting engineer of Philadelphia, president of the Engineers' Club, and at one time chief of the Electrical Bureau of Philadelphia. He effectually disproved the company's claims that its new residence rates were lower than in other cities, that its power rates were

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also lower, and that it could not give still lower rates without jeopardy to its property interests. Its surplus in 1925 was 26 per cent of the fixed capital. It was able to secure its capital at a low cost ($15,000,000 was obtained in 1925 at 5.86 per cent). Forty-five per cent of its power was bought from a hydroelectric company at low rates. Baltimore wages and taxes were low, and the company obtained high-grade coal at a very low cost. He was also able to show that the demand charges were higher than in other cities such as Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Washington. On the basis of these facts the commission ordered the further reduction of rates mentioned above, of which the residence and commercial consumers got the major benefit—$650,000; the small industrialists, $165,000; and the large power consumers, $140,000. An annual revision of the minimum demand guaranteed by the consumer was also established by the commission.

The company accepted the decision and is endeavoring by even better management and expected increase in business to make up for the lowering of the rate schedules. Its credit has not been impaired. It has just floated an additional $7,000,000 loan at 4.90 per cent.

Until regulation is an automatic procedure, that is until the past investment is fixed by contract as a definite figure and new investment held down to actual net cost as is done in the Federal Water-Power Act, the consumers stand little chance of getting their due benefits from the industry. Rate suits brought by interested groups of citizens may help, especially when the suits are adequately financed so that legal and technical experts of ability and sufficient experience in these cases can be obtained. But even in them we shall see such absurdities as the New York Edison claiming, as it does at present, that $7,250,000 shall be capitalized and rates shall be paid on it because that sum would be the "reproduction cost" of training its several thousand employees in case the present staff were to die off and a new one had to be trained. It claims this in spite of the fact that these training expenses have already been paid for by the consumers of light and power. The power industry is much more awake to its opportunities than are the consumers. But the multiplying evidences of interest in such water-power developments as at Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, and on the St. Lawrence presage a new day.

Dawes or Coolidge?

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, March 2

THOSE who three months ago recognized the paretic condition of present party leadership and predicted so far as legislative achievement is concerned complete futility for this short session of the Sixty-ninth Congress, now find themselves fully sustained. At the start the Presidential politics of the session appeared the only phase upon which to base speculation. At the end that is clearly the only aspect worth reviewing. Looking back, three things stick out as developments on the Republican side of the fence which seems the only side on which the discussion can be practical rather than academic. One of these can be quickly dismissed—the sad sagging of the Longworth boom. Flat and shriveled, it is now revealed as a joke, a windy nothing that floated around Washington, got a certain publicity through friendly or flattered correspondents, but was never taken seriously save by the small group of back-slapping, cloudy-minded, convivial Congressmen of the "Sweet Adeline" type, who proudly pound their hairy chests and proclaim that "Nick is a regular guy and we're going to make him President." Nothing much happened to the Longworth boom during the session except that it was thoroughly sized up.

The second development was the extraordinary way in which Mr. Dawes, breaking all Vice-Presidential precedents for a hundred years, has succeeded not only in making himself a real force in the Senate, exercising in that body vastly more influence than the President, but has achieved a political position so strategically pivotal as to cause a considerable number of detached persons to regard him as being the best chance of any for the Republican Presidential nomination—provided the good Calvin concludes, as is now held probable, that in the matter of a third term the American people are concerned with "the substance, not the form." Exactly what Mr. Dawes has done at this session is not generally grasped. For one thing his really agreeable personality plus unquestioned efficiency and impartiality as a presiding officer has endeared him to the Senate as a whole, largely wiping out the memory of the ridiculous clowning and bad taste of his inaugural address two years ago. Even if that were not true the extraordinary way in which the Senate filibuster and its terrific sacrifice of public business justified his fight on the rules would have been enough. For another, he is the first Vice-President of this generation to take an active part in legislation pending in the body over which he presides and the first since Calhoun to take that part on the side opposite the President of his own party. That is exactly what, with amazing effectiveness, he did on the McNary-Haugen bill, to which Mr. Coolidge and his Cabinet were strongly opposed. It was Dawes who engineered the combination between the farm-relief forces and those behind the McFadden-Pepper branch banking bill, which enabled both to go through and without which it is conceded neither could have been passed. A slicker political deal—or one more entirely incongruous—has not been made in or out of Congress in a long time. Dawes did it. As a result the great farming organizations and the Corn Belt element generally look on him as a friend and champion, second only in their hearts to Lowden and the legitimate political heir of that genial gentleman should one of the various reasons cited against his candidacy prevail. On the other hand, the banking interests to whom the McFadden bill was vital not only feel deeply grateful to the Vice-President for putting through in a single session a measure one-half of which they would have been delighted to get in two but consider him one of themselves, which of course he is no matter how progressive he may seem in the farm-relief line. At heart he is as conservative as Andrew Mellon, as reactionary as Reed Smoot, though not as dull. The fact is that he comes out of this short ses-

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sion as Reed of Missouri did out of the long one last year, the only figure in Washington with an enhanced political reputation and an improved political position. He also comes out of it with the cold dislike entertained for him by Mr. Coolidge since the day he was inaugurated enormously intensified and increased. It is not too much to say that the good Calvin has for his Vice-President the same sort of affection that he has for a mad dog or the measles.

The third development of the session has been a strengthening of the belief that Mr. Coolidge will not be a candidate to succeed himself. There is nothing definite to hang that on; but it is clear that the risk involved in the third-term attempt is increasing not decreasing. It is, however, true that at the close of the session the passage of the McNary-Haugen bill rather helped Mr. Coolidge than hurt him. The idea that it put him in a hole is a joke. It pulled him out. It obscured completely the abject failure he had again made as a leader of his party and glossed over the glaring fact that scarcely a single one of the many recommendations made in his message last December had been acted upon. It gave the Administration publicity agencies a chance to beat the drums and proclaim that in vetoing the McNary bill Mr. Coolidge had single-handedly performed an act of unparalleled bravery, courageously ignoring the possible political consequences to himself and saving his country in a critical hour.

Perhaps he did and perhaps he is the unflinching and heroic soul pictured by the propagandists. It may not, however, be out of place at this moment when the congratulatory telegrams from applicants for positions on the new radio board are still pouring in, and when the national bank presidents, whose bill he signed, "thank God for Calvin Coolidge"—as they should—it may not be amiss while all this is going on to point out, merely in the interests of accuracy, certain salient facts.

While not detracting from the credit due Mr. Coolidge for his action, it ought to be possible, without being regarded as depraved, to say that he did not stand alone and unsupported in this matter of the veto. It is hardly in accord with the facts to picture him a solitary figure with calm, steadfast eyes facing great odds, taking vast risks, caring little for himself so long as he saved his country. There were, for instance, pushing him kindly but with great firmness toward a veto certain public officials close to the throne and not without influence, certain institutions not generally considered impotent, certain reasons not wholly divorced from politics.

For example, it was too plain to escape any Washington observer capable of a detached judgment that if he should do other than veto the bill Mr. Coolidge would render it ridiculously impossible for at least three members of his Cabinet to continue in his Administration.

One of these was the august Mr. Mellon, who a fortnight ago publicly assailed the bill as unsound, unworkable, and bad. Another was the erudite Mr. Hoover, who two years ago made no secret of his conviction that the principle of the bill was economically wicked and its theory vicious and menacing, and who from the start has been its most formidable opponent. The third was the earnest Mr. Jardine, who because of his agreement with Mr. Hoover and his generally unsympathetic attitude toward the bill was burned in effigy out in Iowa and denounced in several other States.

Leaving aside Jardine, the idea of Mr. Coolidge approving a proposition so abhorrent as this one to Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover is manifestly absurd. Except in the matter of political appointments in which they are uninterested, not since Mr. Coolidge has been President has he once failed to act in accord with the judgment of these two men—for which he deserves credit. Take away from him their support and he would collapse like a toy balloon.

Then there were the newspapers. Since Mr. Coolidge entered the White House he has had a more solid press support than any other President. Frequently he has through the Spokesman expressed his appreciation. It would be strange indeed if he did not feel it. So far as this bill is concerned, outside of Iowa at least 98 per cent of the newspapers, daily and weekly, were strongly opposed. Not only that, but east of the Mississippi River 100 per cent of the great metropolitan newspapers were opposed to it. Not only that, but the Republican organs of most weight and influence were violent in their opposition, denouncing the bill as an offense against decency, a brazen raid on the Treasury, a radical makeshift ruinous to the country, and so forth.

After its passage the leading newspapers of the East redoubled the violence of their attack and declared anything but a veto on the part of Mr. Coolidge unthinkable unless he chose completely to stultify himself and turn traitor to his friends, which was certainly true. Now it is even harder to conceive of Mr. Coolidge bucking this sort of press opposition than it is to conceive of him hitting Mr. Mellon, Mr. Hoover, and Mr. Jardine in the eye.

And finally there were the banks. The antagonism of the great banking and business interests—whose support Mr. Coolidge has consistently had since the appearance of the first Mellon bill nearly four years ago—to the McNary-Haugen bill was as uncompromising and intense as their advocacy of the McFadden branch banking bill was ardent and sincere. Mr. Morrow was against the bill, and it is believed by those best posted that he did not conceal the fact from his White House friend. Neither did others of the Amherst group.

Even more ludicrous than thinking of the courageous Mr. Coolidge smacking Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover in the face, and even more comical than imagining him ignoring the almost solid sentiment of his unprecedented press support is the thought of his pushing against the weight of the great New York banks, which as Senator Reed, Missouri, pointed out the other day are not only more influential in this Administration than ever before but are actually part of it.

Mr. Coolidge ought to have credit for following Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover—particularly Mr. Hoover—on this bill. He ought to have credit for taking his convictions from them instead of from others not so sound. He ought to have credit for realizing that the political threats of the farmers are not as serious as they sound. He ought to have full credit for these things, but when it comes to giving him credit for political heroism and pinning on him medals for bravery it isn't very clear, if you know the facts.

But then, who cares about the facts? The fact is that if he had done anything else there would not be enough left of him politically to sweep up in a corner and strike a match to. That is a fact, but it won't convince those who want to think him a hero.

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In the Driftway

WHENEVER the Drifter feels blue or out of sorts with himself he visits the safe-deposit company where he has a small box in an immense and imposing building. It is the only place accessible to him where he is made to feel important; as an elixir and tonic for his self-respect it has no equal. At its entrance stands a massive guardian, neck stiff and head thrown back, wearing a uniform as perfectly fitting and free of wrinkles as the suits in the advertisements. Just as the Drifter is about to take off his hat and prepare to be finger printed, the impressive guardian bows deferentially and swings the revolving door for him to enter. Inside the Drifter brushes elbows with ladies loaded with more furs than the entire output of the Arctic Zone for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1870. He passes on to a door of iron latticework and presses a bell-button. Instead of waiting five minutes for an office boy to slouch up, shift his gum from right to left jaw, inquire negligently "Whadda *you* want?" and then disappear for a quarter of an hour, the Drifter marvels as a young man approaches briskly, smiles, unlocks the door, and murmurs a polite greeting. The young man unlocks another door, steps aside for the Drifter to pass first into the sacred vault, and then both approach the rows of boxes. The young man always remembers the Drifter's number (which is fortunate, as the Drifter rarely can). The young man clicks the lock; the Drifter clicks it after him and withdraws the metal box. "It's nice weather we're having," observes the young man with an almost reverent glance at the box containing nobody knows how many thousand dollars' worth of bonds and other securities. Nobody knows how many is right—luckily for the Drifter. The deference paid to the holder of a safe-deposit box lies right there. He must have thousands and he may have millions. His is the Box Nobody Knows.

* * * * *

IT is otherwise in a bank. There the teller knows how puny is the account of the Drifter, and looks at him pityingly. It is otherwise in the neighborhood grocery store. The Drifter does not stalk in, choose goods right and left without considering the price, and then sail out, ordering his purchases to be charged and delivered. He is not the Man Nobody Knows. He is known to all too well as the Man Who Buys Ten Cents' Worth of Cheese and a Nickel Box of Crackers and Carries Them Home Under His Arm.

* * * * *

BUT in the safe-deposit vault we millionaires are all equal. A man who has only four or five petty millions is as good as Henry Ford. We must all be men of substance or we wouldn't rent boxes to keep our securities in. If the safe-deposit company ever takes to using X-rays, the Drifter's name will still begin with D but it will end with Ennis. Happily this time has not arrived, so the young man who has a glance almost of reverence for the Drifter's box leads the way to a private room, and then silently withdraws. The Drifter shuts and locks the door behind him and sits down at a desk half as large again as any he usually works on. There is no dust to be blown off, and a clean blotting pad gazes at the Drifter instead of one stained and grimy and turned up at the edges. The penholders contain new points which will actually write; the ink in the wells is still liquid. The Drifter, who is more accustomed to the facilities offered in post offices, sits down and scribbles his name several times just for the pure pleasure of it. He glances appreciatively at the shears for clipping coupons. He wishes he could work every day in a room like this, silent, comfortable, well-equipped—and locked. Sometimes it occurs to him that he might do so. The employees would respect him the more highly, believing that it took him all of every day to clip his coupons.

* * * * *

AFTER ten minutes' pleasant reverie the Drifter opens the door of his private office, calls the young man, and puts away the safe-deposit box—without opening it. Why should he? He doesn't want anything that it contains: some old manuscript, a few mussy memoranda, a $500-bond of a real estate company that went into bankruptcy ten years ago, the receipt for a cemetery lot, some postage stamps left from the Drifter's last trip to Europe, and a few articles of greater value belonging to friends of the Drifter who have no safe-deposit box.

* * * * *

THE Drifter steps into the street a better and nobler man. The thermometer of his spirits and self-respect has risen forty degrees. If the Drifter is ever poorer than he is today, he will take his butter without bread and his sugar without coffee, but he will guard religiously those articles upon which depends his self-esteem. He will keep his evening clothes and his walking stick until the last—and his safe-deposit box even after that.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Gesegnete Mahlzeit!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every once in a while you come over here with an editorial or a Driftway on pie for breakfast, hog and hominy, corn on cob. But where, outside Germany, is mealtime—Mealtime—sublimated into a greeting? Where else does one say *Mahlzeit?* inquiringly to the others at the lunch table and, having heard a cordial *Mahlzeit* in response, feel at once accepted? Where, outside Germany? Where else do faces kindle into smiles any time between eleven in the morning and two in the afternoon, or between four in the afternoon and eight in the evening, at the greeting *Mahlzeit?* Caviare in Leningrad; muktuk, i.e., whale skin, at Point Barrow; *pâté de foie gras* in Paris—yes, and oysters at Lynn Haven, but where, outside Germany, do you have "Mealtime" as a greeting? *Mahlzeit!*

Hamburg, Germany, February 10 E. J. WARD

Keep the Schools Clean

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The campaign against militarism in education during the year 1926 was marked by the following indications of progress: (1) Discontinuance of bayonet combat in R. O. T. C. and C. M. T. C. by order of the War Department; (2) revision of at least two standard manuals of military training, deleting many passages of barbarous and objectionable character; (3) removal of all military training from the Cleveland high schools, R. O. T. C. from Hampton Institute, compulsory drill from Boston University and the College of the City of New York; (4) introduction of bills in both houses of Congress for the elimination of compulsory military training from non-mili-

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tary civil educational institutions; (5) disapproval of compulsory drill expressed by President Coolidge, Federal Council of Churches, American Federation of Labor, the Presbyterian, Northern Baptist, and Disciples' national conventions, the National Council of Jewish Women, and about fifty other church and educational groups in various States; (6) the formation of State citizens' committees opposed to militarism in Nebraska and Massachusetts; and inauguration of a campaign in Great Britain by the British National Council for the Prevention of War to get the War Office out of the British schools.

On the other hand, the year saw: (1) The introduction of Naval R. O. T. C. units in Harvard, Yale, Georgia University of Technology, University of California, University of Washington, and Northwestern University; (2) the initiation of the Munitions Battalion; (3) interference with free speech for peace in a number of colleges.

The Committee on Militarism in Education, which is carrying on a national campaign of education, needs $15,000 to do its work this year. It is an independent committee including in its membership David Starr Jordan, President Arthur E. Morgan, Manley O. Hudson, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, John Nevin Sayre, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Charles M. Sheldon, Wilbur K. Thomas, and William Allen White. It can be helped by sending to it at 387 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City, names and addresses of those on whom the committee may count; or by sending a contribution, however small, to carry on the fight against the process of militarization, which, unless stopped, will destroy all hope of making America a leader in establishing world peace.

New York, February 17 GEORGE A. COE, Chairman
THOMAS GUTHRIE SPEERS, Treasurer

The Disappointed Censor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss Gaffney's sardonic suggestion in the February 16 *Nation* for the labeling of "admittedly abnormal, tainted, diseased authors" reminds me of an experience I had as a library worker. In prehistoric times we had in all the branches of a large city library a small cupboard, where books which the library staff considered dangerous to the morals of the young were kept under lock and key. This tainted cell was known as the "locker" and in it were such books as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and other classics with which we now like our flappers to consort. An ancient spinster, with snooping manner, visited the library once a week, looked surreptitiously about, and breathlessly whispered a request for a book from the "locker." When she had exhausted the supply we, with the worthy aim of keeping up our circulation figures, planted innocent books with the guilty. Thus she borrowed "Marius the Epicurean." She kept it out two weeks and returned it with a mournful gesture. "I've read it from cover to cover," she wailed, "and I can't find a thing in it."

New York, February 14 MARY B. GILSON

Literary Ballyhoo

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For generations your periodical has been the most consistent foe of moral and intellectual goose-stepping. Times without number you have taken up the cudgels against efforts to rotarize, babbittize, and moronize *homo americanus*. Now you seem to be surrendering to literary standardization.

The Japanese have a national organization, the Society of the One Idea. The idea is loyalty to the rulers and their decrees. To be strictly *kosher* it is necessary to accept without question all the standards and judgments of those whom Providence has ordained to rule the Yankees of the East. Now suppose a son of the Sun objects to the particular brand of cigarettes ballyhooed as the One Idea, complaining "These cigarettes are not mild, neither do they satisfy, and I refuse to be nonchalant about it." In steps the one-idea society. "We know the kind of cigarettes our citizens should smoke. We are experts in selecting smokes to suit the national tastes."

To be sure, Germany has book guilds—inevitably so. It is part of the *katzenjammer* of Prussian regimentation and goose-stepping of other days. Your comparison to subscribing for magazines falls down; when a year's subscription is paid for *The Nation*, we know in advance that its columns will not be filled with aesthetic news from Hollywood or the confessions of a heart-breaker, and a subscription to *Snappy Stories* does not go with the expectation of a foreign relations section or politico-economic essays.

When we permit others to select books for us, adult infantilism is the result; the cultural loss is marked. The only gain is an increased membership for the Society of the One Idea.

Detroit, Michigan, February 26 BEN BLUMENBERG

The New Modernism in Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Ohio State Bar Association recommends the passage of a law "making it an offense to libel the dead," with a fine of $500 and a six-month jail term for violators. In its recommendation the Ohio Bar Association says: "It is becoming more and more a matter of shame that deceased persons who held high offices and positions of trust should be held up by malicious, false, and libelous statements to the ridicule of the world."

This is due to the publication of W. E. Woodward's book on George Washington.

Cincinnati, February 10 NICHOLAS KLEIN

Michigan on the Brink

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Michigan stands upon the very brink of a chasm of barbarism. In our churches and local press, clamorings gurgle forth acclaiming capital punishment. Before our State Solons are various bills for the introduction of this legal-murder law. Protests, arguments have come against this evil thing from our prosecuting attorney, Robert Toms, from Dr. Arnold Jacoby, City Psychiatrist, Judge Murphy and Judge Jeffries of the Recorders Court, the Hearst paper the *Times*, and from such liberals in the church as Reinhold Niebuhr. But apparently our citizens are hungry for blood and for reprisal against crime with crime.

Detroit, February 19 HAROLD AUER

Broadcasting a Coney Island Hope

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most of your readers will remember John Howard Lawson's "Processional," one of the thrilling classics of the modern American stage, new in technique and in content.

The New Playwrights Theater has been formed to present a program of plays of this kind. Mr. Lawson is one of the playwright-directors; others are Em Jo Basshe, author of "Adam Solitaire"; Francis Edwards Faragoh, author of "Pinwheel"; John Dos Passos, author of "The Moon Is a Gong," and lastly, the present writer.

We have the faith that there is a new generation of strong young writers who feel keenly the chaos, the wild humor and melodrama, the Dostoevskian darkness and Coney Island hope of our mad America, and who if given a theater will produce modern American plays for that theater, and not copies of

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Chekhov, Shaw, Ibsen, or others of the great and dead. We have the faith, too, that immersing oneself in one's own environment is the surest way to produce plays that will be more vital and amusing than the dreary stupidities of the commercial theater or the dreary introspections of the intellectual theater.

We issue a special invitation to *Nation* readers to come and see us; this theater has been created for them, as much as *The Nation* is created for them.

New York, February 23 MICHAEL GOLD

African Art in America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every person—critic or art lover, professional or amateur—has the right to his own reaction as to the aesthetic value of the Blondiau-Theater Arts Collection of African Art as a whole or of the objects individually. But we cannot concede without challenge Mr. Munro's presumption, in your issue of March 2, to dogmatize about Negro art in general, using this collection as his text. So, although we have been excommunicated in one anathema's breath in the good company of the British Museum, the Congo Museum at Tervuren, and "most of the German museums," we must still protest that Congo art is representatively African and the Blondiau Collection more representative of its range and types than any other ever exhibited in America.

The obvious ethnological character of much of the Blondiau Collection, to which Mr. Munro takes such exception, is its best certification. Certainly it is at least as legitimate a modern use of African art to promote it as a key to African culture and as a stimulus to the development of Negro art as to promote it as a side exhibit to modernist painting and to use it as a stalking-horse for a particular school of aesthetics.

Mr. Munro's arbitrary distinction between art and handicraft is a vicious misinterpretation of African art. The distinction did not exist in that culture itself, and recognition of that fact is basic in the competent study and appreciation of African art. If the distinction were insisted upon as Mr. Munro makes it, more than half the plates of his own book on "Primitive Negro Sculpture" would have to be eliminated. If ours were only "African copies," as Mr. Munro insinuates, they would at least show the principle and exhibit the characteristics in question. Of one thing can we be thankful—that your reviewer has not accused the Blondiau Collection of being "made in Paris."

New York, March 1 ALAIN LOCKE

Who Helped the British Miners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to the Secretary of the British Miners Federation the workers of many countries contributed to the relief of the striking British miners. But the other contributions were insignificant compared with those made by the workers of the Soviet Union (61.2 per cent of the total).

The exact figures were recently published as follows:

Soviet Union workers	$5,750,000
Amsterdam Federation of Trade Unions	295,720
American Federation of Labor	80,620
Other workers of the United States	100,000
British workers	2,152,825
Women workers of all countries	791,980
Miners of all countries	250,000
Total	$9,421,145

It is not a question of blame. The German worker from his starvation wage can make very few contributions. The Russian workers, on the other hand, 100 per cent organized, facilitated by the state machinery, better paid than the workers of Germany, were able to make much greater contributions.

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 21 ELLA G. WOLFE

Georg Brandes in 1919

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Spending a week in Copenhagen in February, 1919, I called on Georg Brandes. I found him wrought up over the general temper of the Allies since the armistice and the sorry prospects for a reasonable peace. He was well-nigh in despair, for he saw the Allies in no frame of mind to act with wisdom and moderation. I recall his hot indignation; his keen eyes flashed as he leaned over his desk toward me and denounced the chief Allies for continuing the war upon Germany after the preliminaries of peace had been signed, by refusing to allow provisions to be shipped into Germany for the relief of its starving people.

My interview did not find favor in certain editorial quarters; so the readers of *The Nation* had a little "scoop"; it was printed in your issue of May 17, 1919.

Observing an unusual display of flowers about Brandes's study I made some remark about it; he replied: "Yes, it is my birthday, and my friends have remembered me. But Mr. Dreher, there is no pleasure in being seventy-seven years old." Yet he was not willing to enjoy the little prerogatives of age. He accompanied me to the street to meet his two little grandchildren for a walk. I offered to help him draw on his overcoat; he declined with decision.

Arrived on the street, the youngsters—a boy and girl of eight or ten—came storming to meet us, highly elated at sight of their grandfather. And he was as transformed; such beautiful, heartfelt joy in children I have seldom witnessed.

Amherst, Mass., February 26 WILLIAM C. DREHER

Lucy Salmon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall not forget my first meeting with Lucy Maynard Salmon when, as a younger woman, I said somewhat timidly "Miss Salmon, I must tell you that I am a radical," and her spontaneous and anything but timid reply: "My dear, I have been a revolutionist all my life." She may have been in this world seventy years, but they only made her, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once said of another, "seventy years *young*."

It was but four years ago that Miss Salmon, notwithstanding her weight of responsibility as professor of history at Vassar College, brought out the two great volumes, great in important usefulness as well as in size, "The Newspaper and the Historian" and "The Newspaper and Authority." It was her object to discover, if possible, the advantages and limitations of the periodical press as historical material. Her reading and her scholarship were both on a large scale, for she took up newspapers—daily, weekly, and monthly, their news, their editorials, their advertisements—and showed their contribution from Greece and Rome down through the account of the battle of Waterloo to the Great War. Yellow journalism, religious journalism, biographical interviews, cartoons—all came within her ken. She proved the importance of the books, pamphlets, and papers which accumulate in any old house; they should not be destroyed but sent to some college where they could be carefully examined and used.

Miss Salmon's sympathies with progressive causes remained vivid to the end of her life. In 1925 a committee was formed to defend Senator Wheeler. Some professors were too academic to lend their names as members. Not so Miss Salmon—by return mail she gave the use of her name and sent with it a contribution to the Defense Fund.

Baltimore, February 23 ELISABETH GILMAN

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Books and Plays

The Eternal Mercy

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

A little sadly at first she remembered
The small room and the hour
When for a moment every dream slumbered
And tears were a white shower.

She went into the fields and desired
A knowledge of all things
Inoffensive; the triple-spired
Lily and blue spider wings.

And so one day, quite without her knowing
How such things come to pass,
She was watching a tall dark boy and blowing
New dreams over fresh grass.

First Glance

THE publication of the collected "Autobiographies" of William Butler Yeats (Macmillan: $2.50) completes a six-volume edition of the author which promises to be final. Like his compatriot George Moore, and like Henry James, Mr. Yeats is afflicted with the disease of rewriting, so that one cannot feel exactly safe in the possession of these six green books which it has taken years to polish and reprint; but here at any rate is one edition of the flowing-minded Irishman, and it may very well be the best. The poems early and late, the plays in verse and prose, the stories and articles and essays, and now the memoirs are all at last available in compact form.

"Sometimes when I remember a relative that I have been fond of, or a strange incident of the past, I wander here and there till I have somebody to talk to." So Mr. Yeats wrote in the preface to the first of his autobiographies, "A Reverie Over Childhood and Youth," in 1914. It is obvious that memory has been the mother of Mr. Yeats's muse, first and last—not only when he wrote memoirs, where the fact would be taken for granted, but when he thought about Ireland, considered how much poetry lay in its antiquity, wrote poems and plays himself, or in any way made use of his mind. But here in the memoirs the process whereby memory in him becomes literature is perfectly exposed. I do not mean that it is easily to be seen. Study would be necessary in order to master all the details of the mechanism—and such a study will undoubtedly be made. I am simply convinced that in the "Autobiographies" we have the evidence, charmingly beclouded though some of it may be.

Mr. Yeats like Mark Twain, and surely the two are alike in no other respect, has the power of remembering anything whether it happened or not. Doubtless many of the moods and meetings recorded in the "Reverie" and in "The Trembling of the Veil" are incorrectly recorded, and doubtless some of them never had existence outside these books. Mr. Yeats is so willing, in his bewildered way, to admit the possibility of error with regard to dates, streets, names, and even identities that we are forced to suspect him guilty of invention with regard to certain whole events —and I have heard the suspicion is amply justified. But it makes no difference, unless indeed it makes the book even more beautiful than it would otherwise have been. The "Autobiographies" should be read as a history solely of the author's mind, and then not by any means as an accurate history. They set down many things he saw; they set down with equal particularity the things he wishes he had seen or thinks he did. One sentence near the beginning of the "Reverie" is surely significant. At Sligo, he writes, "all the well-known families had their grotesque or tragic or romantic legends, and I often said to myself how terrible it would be to go away and die where nobody would know my story." In this world, I fancy, Mr. Yeats is one who thinks how terrible it would be to die and leave no story. So he has left one, and though it is not his story purely, it is a story and it is beautiful. Out of the mist of his symbol-haunted mind steps here not only a clear, firm image of himself but a long procession of other men—J. B. Yeats his father, William and George Pollexfen, York Powell, William Morris, John O'Leary, Edward Dowden, W. E. Henley, Oscar Wilde, Douglas Hyde, Lionel Johnson, Aubrey Beardsley, Macgregor Mathers, and Edwin Ellis, to name only some of them. The "Autobiographies" are important for other reasons than this gallery which it contains; but it may well remain a question whether Mr. Yeats has created anything more permanently interesting.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. Babbitt's Spiritual Guide

Elmer Gantry. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WITH "Elmer Gantry" Mr. Lewis returns to the practice of his own particular trade. In "Arrowsmith" he turned aside in an effort to achieve certain qualities, characteristic of the conventional novel, which his detractors had declared outside his range, and in "Mantrap" he demonstrated that he had not forgotten the requirements of merely popular fiction. The new book is in every way a companion volume to "Main Street" and "Babbitt." In it the author, sure of the tested effectiveness of a certain technique, and with a zeal undiminished by success, turns his attention to Mr. Babbitt's spiritual guide and adds the third member to his impressive trilogy devoted to the most grotesque aspects of American life. What "Main Street" was to the small town and "Babbitt" to the business man that, neither more nor less, is "Elmer Gantry" to the vulgarest contemporary type of pulpit-thumping materialist.

The book begins with its hero, a coarse young giant, happily engaged in a street fight and in that most blissful condition to which a powerful young man can attain—"unrighteous violence in a righteous cause"; it carries him through his muddled conversion in a denominational college, through the ups and downs of his checkered career as pastor and evangelist; and it ends with his triumphant vindication at the hands of an enthusiastic congregation from the latest of the many near-scandals which threatened his career. Too unreflective ever to know himself, too incapable of thought ever to be really a hypocrite Elmer is honored and beloved of most of those with whom he comes in contact because he is made of the same coarse clay as they, because no learning, no integrity, and no spirituality sets him apart from those to whom he is paid to minister. He is the type most fit to occupy the pulpits supported by materialists like himself to whom the church is half the defender of petty privilege against subversive forces and half the instrument through which a nominal respect may be paid to virtues inconvenient to practice; and to Elmer himself the pulpit is quite as useful as he is to it since, by virtue

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of the license which permits him to mount it, he is enabled not only to taste the intoxication of an orator's power but to enjoy as well an income and a position which the mediocrity of his will, the fundamental meanness of his character, and the shallowness of his brain could not have earned for him by any other means.

Mr. Lewis is careful not to leave his picture unrelieved. He does take pains to indicate that every one of the few civilizing influences which the boy Elmer had ever received—the most rudimentary forms of art, music, literacy, learning, and ethical idealism—had been, in his experience, connected with the church, and he allows to appear momentarily upon the scene certain ministers of a higher type. But in the book it is everywhere darkness that prevails. Elmer himself has not a single quality which goes to the making of a decent man. He is heartless, treacherous, and cruel; he has nothing resembling even the puritan virtues except the vices of vindictiveness, phariseeism, and hypocrisy into which they can turn; and his career is an indictment of the church as a whole at least in so far as it shows how the mechanism of the church permits the rise of such a man and demands of its servants no qualities which viciousness cannot convincingly imitate. "Elmer Gantry" is as good as "Main Street" and "Babbitt" and it is good in exactly the same way. Here again, as in the two books which made Mr. Lewis's the best-known name among contemporary American novelists, is a completeness of documentation not less than amazing, a power of mimicry which, so far as I know, no living author can equal, and a gusto which, considering the meanness of the material, is all but inexplicable. No mere study, however painstaking and devoted, could make possible the intimate ease with which Mr. Lewis handles the material or the completeness with which he fills in the details of every picture. He seems to know the life he is describing with a thoroughness which could only come from his having in a real sense lived it; the contagious rapture with which he pours out his scenes is the only thing which can keep one from entertaining a profound pity for a writer compelled to do anything so dreadful. Some strange twist in Mr. Lewis's character has enabled him to take a joy in examining, almost participating in, mediocrity at its most grotesquely intolerable moments, and has enabled him, miraculously, to make it interesting to others too.

In one respect at least "Elmer Gantry" is superior even to its companion pieces, for up to the last seventy-five pages (which are distinctly less interesting than the rest) it has a greater variety of incident and a more sustained interest than either of the other two. In both "Babbitt" and "Main Street" there was a certain static, descriptive quality. The picture unfolded without developing new interest, and there was no continuous, steady march of incident, while in the new book there is a progressive plot which never, until it has almost reached its conclusion, shows any signs of flagging. There is, besides, an exposure of Elmer's character which goes further, perhaps, than anything else to justify Mr. Lewis's method—an exposure which seems detached, unhurried, relentless; too calm and too sure to seem to spring from hatred or malice, but inspired by a rage which a confidence in his power to describe has calmed.

"Elmer Gantry," with its innumerable incidents and its many ramifications, is indeed a structure far more impressive than most satires, a sort of cathedral in which every stone is a gargoyle; and though there will be many who will not be able to read it without the Devil's question, "But is it art?", it is not likely that any review will answer that question definitively. At least it can be said that Mr. Lewis has done something that no one else is capable of doing. In a manner that seems to be merely the almost too literal truth but which manages nevertheless to contain its own criticism he has, in three books, recorded a reign of grotesque vulgarity which but for him would have left no record of itself because no one else could have adequately recorded it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Note on the Labor Talmud

The Government and Labor. By Albert R. Ellingwood and Whitney Coombs. A. W. Shaw Company. $6.

THE classic in economic legislation is still the Book of Leviticus and its rabbinic exegesis. One can hardly imagine a greater cultural disparity than that between the theocratic feudalism of the ancient Jews and our own syndicalist plutocracy. But the sovereign technique of transmuting wrongs into rights is sufficiently alike in both systems to render comparison illuminating. First comes the law. Then comes its sophistication under the widely discretionary scholasticism of the judges, who expand the sacred texts into endless Mishnas and Gemaras. This growth of a judicial Talmud is really more or less inevitable, for the sufficient reason that legal principles, no less than others, must pay interest to the keepers of the culture under which they are obliged to function. Finally, the executive transubstantiates all this rabbinics into the realities of government, whose justice is finely balanced by a just appreciation of the respective powers of the litigants; by and large and on the whole.

This tendency naturally leads to an ever-widening gap between the basic jurisprudence and its equitable distribution, especially in those phases of the law which deal with the challenge of work to avarice. The only way to bridge this "cultural lag" is by rationalization, whose awareness and subtlety varies with the wisdom of the judges, the mental age of juries, and the expensiveness of counsel. Under this juridical mechanism the vested interests, as the *de facto* guardians of order, are more or less entitled to the *de jure* benefits of doubt. Doubt leads to controversy, controvery to debate, debatableness to further doubt with accreted benefits to the vested beneficiary, if not in judgment at least in the loopholes for its evasion. The process as a whole is a continuous refinement in the egalitarianism of the opportunities for those who have them and those who don't. In labor law especially the all-important thing is the nicety of ritual, a nicety only now and then marred by the police.

Of course the development of such a ritual is rather a hair-splitting and complex business. Labor law has probably less intrinsic reason for technicality than any other branch of law. Yet its lingo is constantly intricated into the precisionist turgidity which tends to balance rights primarily on wit. Hence the growth of this ritual into a rabbinics, compared to which the Hagiographa are a collection of simple homilies. The best way of teaching it, as all rabbinics, is by the case method; for it is not so much a matter of principles courageously revaluated as a matter of precedents redoubtably interpreted which determines the relation of work to profit under modern capitalism.

Doctors Ellingwood and Coombs performed an important service to the student of law, labor, and reform. With emphasis on the case method they fine-combed, bowdlerized, synthecized, and summarized the whole field of labor law into the most competent outline in the market. In the best Talmudic fashion they take up each major division of the labor law synoptically. Then they print the most significant texts of the laws. These they adumbrate at length with the sayings of the wise men on the bench or elsewhere authoritative. Here and there they permit themselves a historic or interpretative interpolation, sagely relevant. And at the end of each chapter they posit whatever conundrums and likely quibbles logically flow from it for further caviling by aspiring Levites. Like all outlines, so fashionable today, it is essentially a crib. But unlike the usual outline-crib, it is so competent that the tyro, the pundit, and the intelligent man can all profit from its availability on their shelves.

If in doubt about the legal theory of employment, read what happens to "wilful" workers in the first chapter. Or if hazy about the doctrines of labor conspiracy and the restraint of trade, look up the discussion on the legal status of the

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labor union—in conjunction with the fifty pages on the injunction, whose use in effect denies the legality of labor when it finds it necessary to function for the purposes for which it is organized. The employers, on the other hand, seem to have a much smoother time in the use of their weapons—the lockout, the blacklist, and the anti-union contract. With majestic impartiality the law does not care how capital and labor disagree, provided no property rights, no matter how recondite or potential, are ever threatened. The chapters on social legislation give an excellent gist of it. Unfortunately the scope of their task precluded the authors from gauging the paucity of the reform accomplished by social needs.

To some the value of this book will be enhanced by a recommendatory note from the pen of Rabbi Yehokhanan ben Yehokhanan Commons, head of the Wisconsin Labor Talmud Torah and the greatest theoretical exponent of the doctrine that labor's best remedy against judge-made law is its "nonpartisan" vote for some more Republican and Democratic judges.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

The Father of the Little Theater

Antoine and the Théâtre-Libre. By Samuel Montefiore Waxman. Harvard University Press.

AS the first book in English on Antoine's notable experiment, Professor Waxman's account of the stormy fortunes of the Théâtre-Libre fills a real void in our dramatic literature. The importance of the work carried on by that "most consistent rebel" of the French theater, under difficulties that would have been fatal to a man of less courage and determination, has only begun to be acknowledged. For it was André Antoine who not only created a series of permanent reforms along naturalistic lines but introduced to the world masters of such caliber as Curel, Porto-Riche, Brieux, and from abroad, Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Tolstoi.

From 1887 to 1893 the Théâtre-Libre was a bold factor in French drama, producing plays that for the greater part were so ultra-realistic in genre as to call forth the most unmitigated criticism. Seeking ever the foreign, the unusual, or the new, Antoine presented his subscribers with a menu not always digested even by their "hardened stomachs" and openly revolting to members of the Conservatoire and supporters of the Sardouesque tradition of the "well-made play." Because he occasionally included, among his pessimistic—often sordid—productions, subjects of a mystical, symbolical, or poetic nature, Professor Waxman refuses to classify Antoine as belonging to any naturalistic school. Rather he assigns him a place as a protagonist of the "free" or "unconventional" drama, though it is difficult to elaborate this distinction when one remembers the intimate relation of Zola and Henry Becque to the "comédie rosse," and Antoine's indulgent attitude toward *vraisemblance* at the expense of the happy ending.

Antoine's sincerity, in his varied role of actor, director, or producer, is the outstanding memory of the Théâtre-Libre. Never does he consider the commercial aspect. "He is the most glorious financial failure of the contemporary stage." Instead, his labors secured recognition for playwrights who later became famous; he did much to abolish old conventions of *mise-en-scène*, of diction, of movement. Not only was his influence afterward apparent among authors like Georges Ancey, Jules Lemaître, Brieux, and Hervieu, but it was his inspiration that led to the Freie Bühne Theater in Germany, the Independent Theater in England, and in this country the host of "little theaters" that have sprung from present-day offshoots of the Thèâtre-Libre in Paris.

Professor Waxman has contributed the fruits of a personal acquaintance with Antoine to his chronicle of the Thèâtre-Libre. His limitation to that and a few other sources proves there is yet a wealth of untouched material bearing on this interesting theatrical laboratory.

HENRY S. VILLARD

A Source of Innocent Merriment

Gilbert and Sullivan: A Critical Appreciation of the Savoy Opera. By A. H. Godwin. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE real trouble lies with Sullivan's golden music. You hear timid bobbies lament their highly nervous state and overlook the plain fact that Gilbert is calling policemen cowards. You are seduced by the orchestration of "Princess Ida" and so think it very quaint of Gilbert to call soldiers idiots. You sit hilarious at "Ruddigore" wherein Gilbert calls sailors poltroons afraid of the French. The landlubber admiral parodied in "Pinafore" went to the show and had the time of his life, and for fifty years the English have enjoyed Gilbert's cold and cynical ferocity as a source of innocent merriment. It is partly his own fault for writing lyrics so suave in courtly grace and so turned in beautiful refinement. He never squashes your head with a knobbed club. He pinks you with a flourish of swordsmanship so delicate that you hardly care if the blade wears poison.

Even so the real trouble *does* lie with Sullivan's golden music, which changes the sting of Gilbert's barbed words into a sweet and fair radiance. There is no other world in art so enchanted as that created by Gilbert and Sullivan and no world so cruel and heartless and no world so filled with pure laughter. Once you are caught into the shining net of the wit and the music you just can't reflect soberly on the fundamental corruption of the society which parades its meanness and selfishness with so infinite a charm. Here go bought politicians and brainless peers and unscrupulous statesmen and scheming lovers and lustful old maids and cringing warriors admitting their shames with an impudence so engaging and polished and genteel that you find yourself laughing genuinely the laughter of absolute innocence. The world at which you're laughing is no world of innocence. There never were any characters so exact in their knowledge of their own corruption as the characters of Gilbert. It is of course the world of Philistia and no more; but it is a very complete domain and the men and women know just what they are up to in all their really nasty ways. The people themselves are most distinctly *not* nasty: they are irresistible and wholly fetching. They are so well-bred, they make vice so attractive, they admit their sins in language such as only ladies and gentlemen employ. When Gama says: "Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man! And I can't think why!" he knows quite well why: he's not fooled for one minute. Like all of Gilbert's greatest creations he's quite a horrible old man; and you take him to your heart.

It is a world of exquisite aristocracy in words and music; and therein lies the explanation of the whole paradox. You can pardon a gentleman doing and saying things no gentleman would do and say in a way that only a gentleman would do and say those things. You wince and cry out at Swift's savage remarks about the general nobility of mankind. You laugh and cry out in joy at Gilbert's no less savage remarks about the English. (All the time you mustn't forget that no one except Gilbert had a Sullivan to turn your heart to water while he runs you through with a rapier.) It is therefore easy to understand why all the books on Gilbert and Sullivan display such a lamentable stupidity in their estimations of Gilbert's art. Like all the rest of Anglo-Saxon mankind these authors have had their brains softened with joy. They can not see the Gilbert technique as anything but an exhibition of good-natured satire. They never mention Aristophanes, whose verses are Gilbert's in more than just rhythm and whose cold philistine soul is the soul of Gilbert. They are not critics with the duty of defining in exact and subtle terms the nature of Gilbert's world. They are men ravished by the beauty of a woman whose haunting voice may distil the unknown sinister poison of the lotus flower. What else can you expect? In the theater the rest of us are as bad. It isn't a theater; it's a magic temple and we are worshipers taken with a divine frenzy.

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The latest commentator on the Savoy is just as feeble and moon-struck as the authors of Gilbert's "Life and Letters." In passage after passage you can hardly believe your eyes; and yet all the books go in just the same old way. "Gilbert and Sullivan is the heritage of the average man, the man who has no poses or predilections, the man whose simple craving it is just to be lifted out of the cares of the day." Even in the theater and under the spell of the opera you can hardly be excused for that kind of remark! Gilbert and Sullivan as the nirvana thoughtfully provided by the genius of art for the tired business man! But just listen to this one: "'England is the greatest, the most powerful, and the wisest country in the world,' declares one of the Anglophiles in the lotus-land of Utopia. As a plain statement this does not seem to stray very far from platitude . . . the compliments are 'put on too thick' for the average Englishman. So far as it is irony—and probably the dramatist meant it for that—" But enough, quite enough. Probably the dramatist meant it for irony! Mr. Godwin assures us quite solemnly that Richard's song in "Ruddigore" is filled with the anti-French sentiment of the day. It's the song where Gilbert is plainly enough showing up English sailors as cowards. Then in reference to Goldbury's song in "Utopia" (a perfectly ruthless and altogether delightful attack upon the brainless English girl) Mr. Godwin concludes: "Gilbert, . . . a man with a zestful, robust faith in his own age, his own world, and his own people." After that you're about ready to quit; and the known fact that Gilbert himself led a satisfied Tory life has nothing to do with the case of his art.

In his commentary upon Sullivan Mr. Godwin is equally feeble. He makes a number of nice amiable remarks about the beauty of the music and the parody involved in a few songs. Here it's just that Mr. Godwin obviously knows really nothing exact about music, and therefore can hardly show that while Gilbert is showing up Philistia Sullivan is having no end of fun with the Italians and particularly with the musical conventions of recitative and melodramatic writing in grand opera. Herein Sullivan is as supreme a humorist as Gilbert without being in the least way unpleasant. Mr. Godwin asks us to accept the trio of Gama's sons in "Princess Ida" as "written in the best Handel manner," though how Sullivan can use a "Handel manner" to parody the Giant-motive from "Rheingold" is beyond my understanding. To be told that the music of "The Yeoman of the Guard" is "English" doesn't help in the least; and indeed the whole book helps us just about that much to estimate Gilbert and Sullivan's place in art. One wishes there were some way of inducing a real critic with a cold brain and a warm heart to do for Gilbert what a merely good-natured man cannot possibly do.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Cosmic Evolution

Cosmic Evolution. By John Elof Boodin. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IN Professor Boodin's view "it ill befits mind to despise matter. And it ill befits it to despise itself by making itself a function of something lower than itself." The besetting sin of bifurcation involves us in absurd paradoxes, by leading us to separate in our thought things which in reality are inseparable. When the materialist undertakes to account for mind merely in terms of matter, or when the more recent advocate of emergent evolution tells us that mind somehow emerges from matter, both of them neglect to take due account of the cosmic whole. Really to understand how B is caused by A or emerges from A, we must consider not only A and B, but also the controlling field apart from which they are merely abstractions. It is the cosmic *plus* which makes motion, evolution, progress possible. "There is no reason for regarding the higher levels in the universe as secondary to the lower," says Professor Boodin. "While the lower furnish the body or instrument to the higher, the latter furnish the vitalizing and orderly touch to the lower. They are thus interdependent."

The central idea of the book is thus suggested by the adjective in its title. In dealing with his fundamental issues Professor Boodin has surveyed the whole sweep of contemporary scientific thought. Part I, Interaction and Cosmic Evolution, develops the idea that "cosmic influences, cosmic energy patterns covering the whole range of evolution are communicated to all parts of the cosmos, but the responses are various according to the stage of adaptation of the various parts." In Part II, Human Nature and Cosmic Evolution, the advance of modern neurology, psychology, and sociology is examined with a view to reaching a more intelligent theory of mind, the minded organism, in its cosmic setting. The last part of the volume, Relativity and Cosmic Evolution, contains a philosophical interpretation of the work of Einstein and his colleagues. The theory of relativity shows that even for the abstract purposes of physics and astronomy it is necessary to take account of time as well as of space, and that the fundamental type of reality is history, the adaptation of parts striving to get into rapport with the larger whole.

A work of this sort, reaching out into a dozen fields of special scientific research, is bound to be, in some detail or other, subject to a specialist's criticism. But Professor Boodin's strength is in the incontestable sanity of his main thesis. His book is informing and stimulating, and it has distinction of style. The poetic flights which enliven his cosmological speculation show that a philosopher can use his imagination just as well as a modern physicist. In the spirit of Giordano Bruno, Professor Boodin has undertaken a philosophical synthesis of contemporary knowledge of matter, life, and mind; the result is a cosmology which negates the materialism of so much current speculation, a philosophy which takes the higher categories and values seriously, and in which the term God does not require quotation marks.

RADOSLAV A. TSANOFF

Books in Brief

Spell Land. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

The power which has since matured and borne fruit in a succession of notable novels by this author is discernible, though tentative and erratically applied, in this early work, now published in America for the first time.

The Blind Ship. By Jean Barreyre. The Dial Press. $2.50.

Imagine a ship with all of its crew gone blind and, for a desperate space, the cook in command with no knowledge of navigation. The Sea-Shine is a three-master, plowing the high seas, her canvas bellying to the wind, wandering aimlessly with no "iron mike" (gyroscope) to guide her along her proper course. The tale is well told. Its best quality is forthrightness but, in view of possibilities, it may be said to lack invention.

Tomorrow Morning. By Anne Parrish. Harper and Brothers. $2.

When Anne Parrish wishes to preserve an impression of American life, she does it without first running the ingredients through a colander. Pulp, seeds, and all go into her family-size jars, and are sealed with care. In one way, of course, she thus keeps the full flavor of those lives with which she deals, and that is of first importance. But at the same time her story is inclined to be somewhat too burdened with irrelevant detail and talk without momentum.

Green Forest. By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

This is not a forest primeval—either of the imagination or of the emotions. Rather is it a domain of subdued light and disciplined vistas, divested of all the underbrush of crudeness and carpeted with the russet leaves of metaphor. Mrs. Colby has set down her story in a pattern of studied impressionism—

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swift and successful except in the spots where she has over-experimented with verbal acids. Some of her thrusts are deliciously right—"It was fortunate that Suzette had been born in wedlock, for it would have been difficult to tell her she was illegitimate"; others are palpable misses.

Birth Control Laws. By Mary Ware Dennett. Frederick H. Hitchcock. $2.50.

It is a crime in America for a mother to tell her daughter how to postpone the advent of her first child. Mrs. Dennett for years has been trying to induce Congress to change the law; in this book she tells the long story of her struggles to persuade politicians to vote in public as they talk and act in private. To many people her summary of the state of the law will be a revelation of unconscious barbarism.

Sutter's Gold. By Blaise Cendrars. Translated by Henry Longan Stuart. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

If you are one of that small and select group of couturiers who know the styles even before they are created, you will say that Blaise Cendrars is the greatest living French poet. In this work, his first done into English, he presents a tragical-comical-historical pastoral of American frontier life. If Dreiser's book was the American tragedy, this is surely the American comedy. There is the same pervasive motif of dollar-chasing, but the denouement instead of being moving is merely grotesque. Johann August Sutter, whose sole monument is Sutter Street in San Francisco, hobo, thief, forger, and slave-trader, the greatest pastoral patriarch since Abraham (saving the late Senator Clark, who also laid claim to that title), the first American multimillionaire, and the leading pioneer of the Pacific Coast, was ruined by the discovery of gold on his land for the simple reason that all the riff-raff of Europe and America—vagabonds just like himself—descended upon his fabulously prosperous and fabulously extensive ranch and helped themselves to gold, land, produce, live stock, and everything else that was not tied down, and most of the things that were. Whoever Sutter hired to defend his property, including United States troops, found it more profitable to desert and dig for gold too. This was the gold rush of 1849. There are several ways of treating this spectacle of the plunderer plundered, of the revolutionist revolutionized against. One is obviously with a loud guffaw. Cendrars has chosen to treat it as a medieval idyl, in which Sutter's convoys of forced labor are passed lightly over, his bees and flowers are emphasized, and the serpent that poisons this picture-book Eden is simply gold. One can only say that he has done this particular job as well as it could conceivably be done.

Människor Jag Mötte. By Annie Wall. Oslo: H. Aschehoug.

A collection of unilluminative anecdotes about important personages, written in a delightful Swedish by a well-known and charming woman.

Drama

A Jesting Pilate

LUIGI PIRANDELLO'S almost obsessional preoccupation with a single theme is hardly less striking than the variety which he manages to achieve while remaining always concerned with what is essentially the same problem. Each one of the plays which have made him known to Americans turns upon the same metaphysical difficulty—that of distinguishing between reality and appearance—and yet, despite this sameness, the effect is by no means one of mere monotony. What was largely comic in "Right You Are If You Think You Are" becomes dramatic in "Six Characters," grotesque in "Henry IV," and starkly tragic in "Naked." "In Pirandello," said an Italian critic, "metaphysics becomes poetry," but that is only half the truth, for it becomes comedy and tragedy as well. Having withdrawn himself from that "real" world in which men live by virtue of pragmatic sanctions alone and taken up a position in a realm of mingled fancy and logic, he has found there the possibility of an emotional variety comparable to that of the "real" world which he abandoned. Logic, like fate, is capable of tricks which are now amusing, now ironic, and now terrible.

Pirandello has not always been fortunate in the productions accorded him here, but he could have no complaint to make of the treatment which his "Right You Are If You Think You Are" is receiving at the hands of the Theater Guild company in a series of special matinees at the Guild Theater. For the play, a gossamer comedy, is handled with a delicate skill which leaves its intricate pattern beautifully intact. In it a group of provincial busybodies endeavor to penetrate the secret of the mysterious way of life adopted by three newcomers among them. Each of the three offers, upon demand, a different explanation; and because of an intricate series of circumstances the inquisitive villagers find themselves absolutely incapable of deciding where the "truth" lies and hence are absolutely at the mercy of the jesting Pilate of the piece, who mocks them with the familiar Pirandellian moral. Any one of the three or all together may be "right," every person or event is as many different things as he is thought to be, and if truth as distinguished from appearance exists then it is something which the human mind can never experience. Though a tragedy is involved in the central situation it is upon the comic aspects of the gossips' bewilderment that attention is focused, and the metaphysical difficulties of their predicament are unfolded in Pirandello's lightest and adroitest manner. Like a toy balloon, the paradox bounces gaily back and forth during three acts and then at the end, when it seems about to be firmly grasped at last, it escapes entirely while the delighted gaze of the spectator sees it disappear into the blue. To make two hours and a half of metaphysics genuinely amusing is no small task, but the company, headed by Reginald Mason, Laura Hope Crews, and Helen Westley, has succeeded in making logic sparkle.

The method by which Pirandello makes his conceptions dramatic is twofold. It consists, first of all, in objectifying in concrete situations the most ideally complete paradoxes which ingenuity can conceive; and second, in creating characters who feel metaphysical dilemmas not merely as intellectual exercises but as profound emotional experiences as well. Nor is it, perhaps, mere accident that in the case of the four plays mentioned above the order of composition corresponds with the order of increasing intensity. "Right You Are If You Think You Are" was written first, "Naked" last; and between them lies the progress from sportive dalliance to the agonized despair of the mind veritably lost in an intellectual morass. Metaphysical subtleties have a way, sometimes, of taking their revenge—the game grows earnest, and the toy turns to a weapon of self-destruction. Delighting to bewilder others, Pirandello has at last bewildered himself and is in danger, like some of his characters, of dying of a paradox.

In Frank Craven's "Money from Home" (Fulton Theater) a discontented country girl inherits some money and goes to town for a spree. There a crook scrapes an acquaintance with her under the impression that she is wealthy, and when he finds that she is not decides that he will marry her and reform. It has a good deal of mild, innocuous humor, but its chief effect is to provoke the question "What of it?"

"What Ann Brought Home" (Wallack's Theater) is the play about the dumb young man in the village who turns up with an option on the land which the great power company must buy just at the moment when even his young wife is beginning to lose faith in him; "Window Panes" (Mansfield Theater) is the one about the lowly and mysterious stranger who turns out to be either Christ or somebody very much like him. The first is entertaining enough, the second pretty distressing.

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International Relations Section

Unemployment in France

STABILIZATION of the franc has brought with it in France an unemployment crisis of exceptional severity. We print below a series of statements dealing with this crisis from various points of view.

Poincaré Faces the Crisis

Facing a storm of criticism in the Chamber of Deputies on February 5, Premier Raymond Poincaré made the following statement of his policy, taken from the *Temps* (Paris) of February 6:

The economic difficulties of today have been inevitable for some time past. To attribute them to the financial policy of the Government is a strange abuse of "post hoc propter hoc" reasoning. These difficulties have been stated by all competent observers, especially by the experts, who even maintained that the crisis would be much more acute if the franc were allowed to depreciate any more. . . .

France, cruelly impoverished by the war and the heavy cost of rebuilding the devastated regions placed upon her as a result of Germany's long default, has nevertheless enjoyed for a certain period an illusory ease which, sooner or later, was bound to disappear. This artificial prosperity she owed to inflation. Even during the war France was forced to issue an enormous amount of paper money to meet expenses which were essentially destructive and sterile—sterile from an economic point of view.

Since then, in 1925 and in the early part of 1926, various issues of bank-notes had to be provided to meet payments on the National Defense bonds. Today the defense bonds, far from lacking subscribers, are sought after with an eagerness which we have recently had to discourage. These successive inflations for which, as a Senator, I could never bring myself to vote, are a burden upon us today. They have decreased the purchasing power of money and brought about a rise in prices. They have depreciated the franc, and they have upset our whole economic structure.

This sad spectacle has been described a hundred times: feverish business activity, scorn of saving, haste of merchants and manufacturers to purchase materials abroad, and persistence in carrying to extremes their policy of inaction.

As long as the disastrous effects of inflation last, stocks go up, land purchases increase, and, on the other hand, home prices drop in relation to the international market. Industry is induced to concentrate somewhat arbitrarily on exports; it is none the less forced to purchase its raw materials abroad on a gold basis, so that it sells at a loss and the country is deprived of its products, as has been so often pointed out.

At the same time, foreigners rush in to the countries where the exchange is low: that is how the English unemployed can come and rest on the shores of France, how the Americans can buy French land and houses, and how part of our national heritage comes to be subject to progressive denationalization.

Paper prices increase even more as circulation grows: this is what professors of law and political economy call the quantitative theory. The example of the neighboring countries that have experienced this excess of paper money only goes to confirm this theory; doubtless there is no absolute parallel between the curve of circulation and the curve of prices, but there is a reciprocal action and reaction.

Thus at the basis of everything lies inflation—dangerous, fatal inflation—the arbitrary creation of purchasing power, and there is no trick, however ingenious, that can destroy this historic truth.

Is it possible for a phase of readaptation to follow this phase of inflation? When the symptoms of this healing crisis appear, I do not deny that it is the task of the Government to check the transitory effects, especially in the interests of the workers, who are its innocent victims.

It is necessary, therefore, to look the facts in the face, without exaggerating them for party reasons.

What, then, has been the action of the Government? Let us first repeat that of all the nations that fought in the war, France is perhaps suffering least from unemployment: the difficulties that we are going through are only an extension, elsewhere more acute, of what is occurring in all of Europe.

In England the number of unemployed has never sunk below one million; in Germany the crisis has developed in proportions which have exceeded the most pessimistic forecasts: on December 15 there were one and a half million registered unemployed, and on January 15, 1,765,000; it is furthermore incorrect to assert that the German crisis is a result of the ending of the English strike; it was even more acute in 1925, when the number of unemployed exceeded 2,000,000.

At home we have to deal with only a few tens of thousands of unemployed: the official figures show 56,269 registered unemployed, approximately 42,000 men and 15,000 women. I know that M. Ernest Lafont stated that there were in addition to this number many unemployed who were not registered; but in the last few days there have been less and less, owing to the recent vigorous campaign which has been carried on to get the unemployed to apply for relief; I, for my part, do not criticize this action, which might be interpreted in other ways. In any case, we are far from the figures of 1921, when we had 91,000 registered unemployed. . . .

Before the war the number of unemployed was always in excess of 100,000, sometimes reaching twice that number. Now, the war cruelly diminished our population, which decreased by 700,000, in spite of the return of Alsace and Lorraine; but the working population has increased, and the number of foreign workers has, since 1913, risen from 680,211 to 1,480,000. Furthermore, many people of small incomes and women who were not accustomed to manual labor have had to seek employment which they would not have wanted before the war.

How has industry adjusted itself to this influx of labor? The reconstruction of the devastated regions has called for a large working force. Then in 1925 and 1926 the purchasing power of the foreign market was provisionally increased because of the lowering of the franc, despite the risk of a sudden contraction as soon as financial devalorization should set in.

We have no longer—thank God!—the sedative of inflation, and the devastated regions are using less labor, although the reconstruction work is not yet completed. And because merchants and manufacturers stocked up with materials in 1925 and 1926, consumption is reduced today.

For this ill, they say, there is a remedy: stabilize, and stabilize at once! . . .

At the moment I have only this to say: Without compromising the future, without mentioning any date, without setting down any amount, without disregarding in any way future possibilities or the freedom of action of the Government, I consider it desirable, extremely desirable, to maintain, as long as possible, a de facto stabilization, such as exists today, to allow French industry—and by "industry" I mean employers and workers—the time and the means to readapt itself to the new economic circumstances. [Applause from center, left, and right.]

The fact remains that we have at present a surplus of labor, thanks most of all to the foreigners who have come to France. It is impossible for us completely to absorb this foreign labor and it will be still more so in the future. It is still useful in the mines, in agriculture, and in the devastated regions, and even if this were not true we would not think of eliminating it in any brutal way. Nevertheless, it is a paradox to have such a large number of foreign workers in France

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when so many Frenchmen are looking in vain for work.

Last week 146 foreigners came here, 97 of whom have received work. It is true that during the same time 2,293 foreigners left the country. But in Paris alone there were 2,000 unemployed foreigners receiving state aid. That is natural, but it should be only temporary. . . .

The reestablishment of passports, which we considered, aroused much uneasiness, almost indignation, in friendly countries, especially in Belgium, and we decided that it was better to notify foreign governments to warn their nationals of the discomforts that they might experience in France. This, however, is not enough. It is probable that in the future we shall not be able to employ the full number of foreign workers who have settled in this country. We must, then, continue to provide for the gradual return of foreign workers, by giving them transportation facilities.

All that does not relieve us of the duty of assisting the unemployed. It was only during the war that a national unemployment fund was created, and I consider that great progress has been made in that respect. In December, 1926, state aid was fixed at 33 per cent of the allowance granted by the departments and communes within limits which the decree of December 28 raised from 2.25 to 4.50 for each person unemployed. For the whole family, the total allowance, of which the state guarantees one-third, cannot exceed 12.50 francs. Of course, the department and the commune can grant more. . . .

A Moderate Labor Analysis

Early in the crisis the General Federation of Labor, the Right-wing trade-union organization, made an investigation of the situation. The results are shown in an analysis which appeared late in January in *l'Atelier*, official organ of the General Confederation of Labor. The following is a summary of this statement:

Unemployment Statistics. The official figures do not begin to cover the situation. They refer only to the number actually receiving unemployment doles, which represents but a small proportion of those out of work. This is due to the following causes: First, application for relief is made only as a last resort. This is due partly to the small amount granted—a maximum per family of 12.50 francs (about 50 cents) per day, partly to the red tape that must be gone through in order to obtain it, and partly to the rigid requirements which appreciably limit the number of those eligible. Second, lack of appropriations. Relief is a matter of local option—the state only guarantees one-third of what is provided by the local authorities. On December 30 only 8 out of 31 departments had funds available, and only 41 municipalities out of 233.

But granted the inadequacy of the unemployment figures, their rapid increase, 600 per cent in one month, gives at least an indication of the acuteness of the crisis.

Industries Affected. The industries that have been hit hardest are the following: metal, hide and leather, wood, clothing, building, foodstuffs, transportation, office workers, and day labor. The metal industry is the most seriously affected, excepting naval construction, where the crisis is only beginning to be felt. The crisis is particularly evident in the food industry, because it comes at a time of year when it is usually at its height. Spice sales in Paris have fallen off 50 per cent. Paris hotels have discharged 15 per cent of their employees.

Partial Employment. While reduction of hours is no doubt preferable to no employment at all, it must be recognized that this can be carried so far as to bring wages down below the bare subsistence level. Therefore the increase in "partial unemployment" should be met with the demand that the relief system should be applied here, of course without prejudicing the steps taken to bring up to a reasonable level the allowance for those who are totally unemployed.

Comparison with Past Conditions. It has been said that this crisis is less acute than that of 1921, when the number of registered unemployed reached 91,225. But this assumes that the present crisis has reached its limit, and there is no justification for such an assumption. Furthermore, the 1921 crisis came at a time when prices were at a low ebb. Even though wholesale prices have dropped since the adjustment of the exchange, retail prices have been rising steadily. "The cost of living, then, has increased just when general economic conditions, far from permitting an adjustment of wages, are bringing a reduction, if not a total deprivation, in their [the workers'] very means of existence." Furthermore, the cause of the 1921 crisis was very different. "It was a reflection of world-wide depression due to underconsumption, which, with the liquidation of stocks in expectation of a rise, resulted in an abrupt lowering of prices." Since then unemployment figures have been as follows: January, 1922, 10,000 registered unemployed; January, 1923, 2,600; January, 1924, 1,200; January, 1925, 700; January, 1926, 705. The most alarming aspect of the present situation is that it is developing at a much faster pace than the crisis of 1921.

While the character of French industry—which is not so highly developed as in England and Germany, for instance—makes it less susceptible, generally speaking, to industrial crises, this has been partly offset by the influx of foreign labor.

Final Analysis. There are some who claim, as does M. Poincaré, that the nature of this crisis is accidental and transitory, that it is not due to the present financial situation. They consider it the natural result of the shift in the value of the franc during the first part of the last year. There is undoubtedly some truth in this position, especially with regard to the clothing industries. Purchases were made in excess of needs while prices were low, and relative stabilization resulted in a restriction of purchases. But there is a most important factor which cannot be ignored: the continued increase in the cost of living has decreased purchasing power.

If this were the only other factor we still might consider the crisis as transitory, provided that prices should fall again as much as is expected. It is not only the individual consumer who is holding off for this drop. Merchants and manufacturers also overstocked when prices were low, and the result has been frequent cancelations of orders.

Foreign trade has been seriously affected. France has lost the advantageous position she held when the franc was low. Stabilization has not only reduced the margin of this advantage but in some cases brought the price of French exports above other prices in the world market. Hence, a cancelation of foreign orders as well as a falling off of the demand for French products. This in itself points to the probability of an accentuation, rather than an alleviation of the crisis.

Remedies. The Confederation calls for the following measures to remedy the situation:

1. Adjustment of allowances granted to the totally unemployed, based on the subsistence needs of the unemployed workers and their families; increase for this purpose in the quota provided by the state, and simplification of the administrative formalities that have been imposed;

2. Extension of this relief to the partially unemployed, who are more numerous, and who have hitherto been refused aid;

3. Large-scale organization of public works, in proportion to the labor available, and immediate appropriations for this purpose of credits from the 1927 budget, these credits to be used to carry out a systematic program for rebuilding and improving national equipment;

4. Regulation of the employment of foreign labor in France, not by arbitrary repressive measures to which the labor organizations could not agree but by providing them with some work which would not be prejudicial to the interests of the French workers; also through the stopping of immigration, except for employment which is absolutely justified;

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5. Strict enforcement of the eight-hour day; prohibition of evasion except under exceptional circumstances, or in cases where it is proved that the labor necessary for indispensable and urgent work is not available. . . .

Left Labor Demands

Early in the crisis the United Federation of Labor (the Left groups) issued the following statement and program, which we reprint from *La Révolution Proletarienne*, a Syndicalist-Communist bi-monthly, for January:

When unemployment is developing rapidly, bringing misery and privation into the homes of the workers, the Federation recalls that it has constantly warned the exploited masses of the imminence of the crisis and denounced those who are responsible for it.

Finance and Big Business, served by the successive governments, during and after the war piled up huge profits from the labor of the working class. The governments, from Poincaré's War Ministry to the Poincaré-Herriot Unemployment Ministry, by borrowing and inflation, made the French franc the victim of international speculation. To cover the expense of these operations a muzzled Parliament voted without protest taxes which, a dead weight on the poor, were light for the rich.

The plunderers of finance, after gambling with the lives of the workers when the franc was low, piled up millions in the revalorization, which is one of the causes of the present crisis.

The captains of industry, in spite of their loud complaints, are rejoicing at the economic crisis, and aggravating its effects by premature and uncontrolled dismissals. They hope thereby to corner a still larger share of production through the dissolution of the less favored companies. They are also trying to bring about a lowering of the cost prices by forcing a proletariat faced with unemployment to accept wage reductions.

This policy causes an unparalleled increase in the burdens of the working class, a continual increase in the cost of living, and famine wages. This is not enough for the capitalist exploiters—by unemployment and hunger they must still further prejudice living conditions, already insufficient and precarious.

The Federation appeals to the workers to take up the challenge. Already, in their various organizations, immediate steps have been taken, but general, coordinated, and vigorous action must be started.

The struggle of the united organizations against unemployment will be based on the following program, which sums up the most necessary demands:

1. Organization of unemployed by the local unions in cooperation with their national unions;
2. Right to work for everyone;
3. Workers' control of production to combat dismissals by employers with a view to reemployment under worse conditions;
4. Strict enforcement of the eight-hour day, without exception, of the 44-hour week (or less), without decrease in wages;
5. Observance of the weekly rest day, which has been ignored in innumerable cases;
6. Prohibition of shut-downs; opening of public works;
7. Cessation of the mass immigration organized by the employers and officials in order to develop competition in the labor market;
8. Payment of relief to the unemployed on the basis of a living wage permitting them and their families to live;
9. Exemption of the unemployed from all direct taxes and from the payment of rents.

A Communist Proclamation

When unemployment first began to assume alarming proportions, the French Communist Party issued a manifesto, which we reprint in part, from *l'Humanité* for December 25, 1926.

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Workers! . . . There is an effort on foot to line up the workers against each other, skilled against unskilled, French against foreign and colonial workers, women and young workers against adults, reformist against revolutionary workers, employed against unemployed, etc. They are all asked to accept, "for the sake of the common good," the consequences of "stabilization." This "stabilization" has found adherents in the person of Jouhaux [secretary of the Right trade unions], who is officially supporting it, and among Socialist leaders who are singing the praises of a policy of "watchful waiting."

If the unemployment becomes general, more radical measures must be obtained. Jouhaux has talked of public works. As if it were a question of that! Workers' quarters must be built, crowded districts must be made sanitary, transportation facilities, facilities for workers must be developed, additional relief and hygiene establishments must be provided, etc.

Let these most urgent works be started, let the workers control their execution, and there will be no more unemployed.

Let us obtain: The eight-hour day; no reduction in wages; a living wage for the unemployed; equal wages; the right to organize and the right of asylum for foreign workers; control of employment and dismissal; control of immigration; progressive taxes on the capitalists; every measure necessary to make the capitalists pay the costs of the crisis, and to enable the workers, peasants, and small tradespeople to escape the terrible dangers which beset them.

And in the present struggle let us prepare for the decisive battle from which will emerge the government of the workers and peasants which alone is capable of bringing victory to working-class "rationalization," that is to say, socialism.

THE UNEMPLOYED SAID:

In preparation for the demonstration which was staged the day of Poincaré's speech before the Chamber, in which many thousands of workers took part, the Central Committee of the Unemployed, under Communist inspiration, issued the following statement, which we reprint from *l'Humanité* of February 2:

For several weeks the unemployment crisis has been causing great suffering throughout the country, particularly around Paris.

Business after business has been affected, and the army of unemployed is increasing every day.

In the face of the misery in the homes of tens of thousands of workers, the Poincaré-Herriot Government of the national bourgeois union, allied with capitalism, has so far refused to take any measures likely to offer a possibility of livelihood to the unemployed workers and their families.

Cynically, Poincaré said in the Chamber of Deputies that "The discussion on unemployment may last a week or two more —the unemployed will be no worse off for that." These words reveal the attitude of one of those who were chiefly responsible for the world slaughter of 1914-1918, who by his present policy is causing another wave of distress and misery to sweep over the working masses. He wants to starve the workers and make them bear the brunt of the present situation.

In many places the unemployed, organized in their local committees, have already gone into the streets in demonstrations to show that they want work or bread.

That is not enough. The unemployed should meet the insulting allowance of 4.50 francs, which is sparingly distributed to heads of families, with the following demands:

1. Relief for all unemployed workers, without regard to age, sex, or nationality;
2. Work, with guaranty of a normal wage;
3. Indemnity on the basis of a living wage, namely 25 francs per day, which is the minimum necessary for nourishment (the contribution of the state, which is still 33 per cent, must be increased to 75 per cent); immediate increase of the present allowance to 15 francs;

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4. Exemption from payment of rent and suspension of all pending eviction cases;

5. Free transportation by street-car, subway, and suburban trains (the unemployed should not have to be confined to their own localities);

6. Exemption from taxes, free medical care, distribution of food by municipalities with the cooperation of the state;

7. Allowance for the partially unemployed;

8. Observance of the eight-hour day without exception or compensation;

9. Free meals at the school canteens for children of unemployed workers.

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The Government responsible for the crisis will be driven to the wall. It is to show this Government that you are not willing to starve in the face of the insolent luxury of the bourgeoisie, that you are to demonstrate before the city hall.

Work or bread!

Unemployed workers, be at the city hall at 3 p. m.!

Contributors to This Issue

RAYFORD W. LOGAN is a professor in Virginia Union University.

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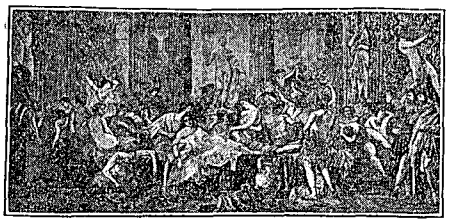

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